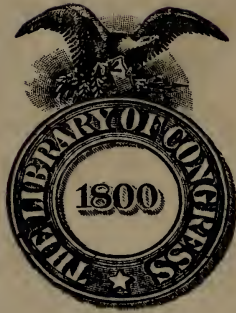


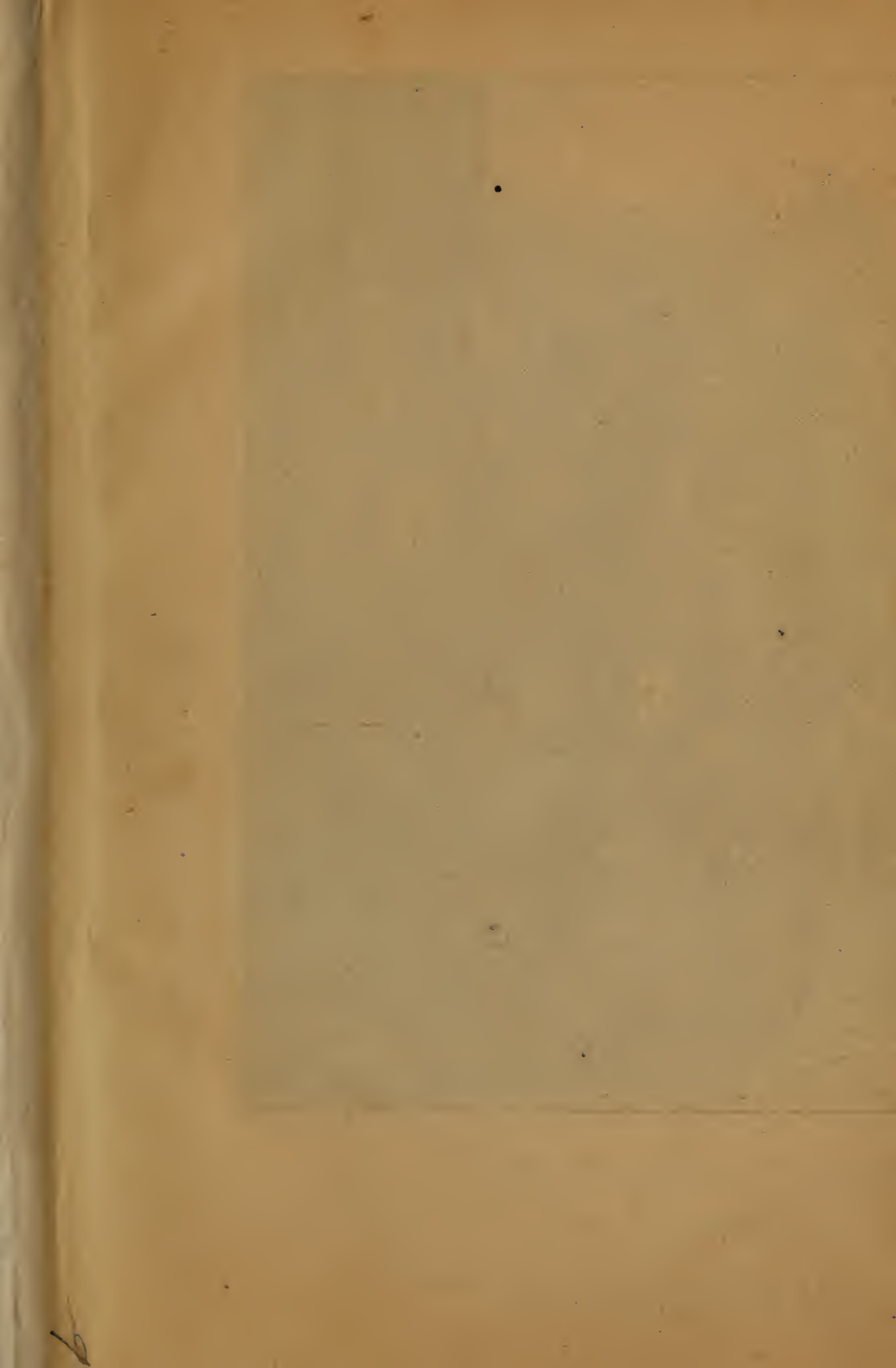
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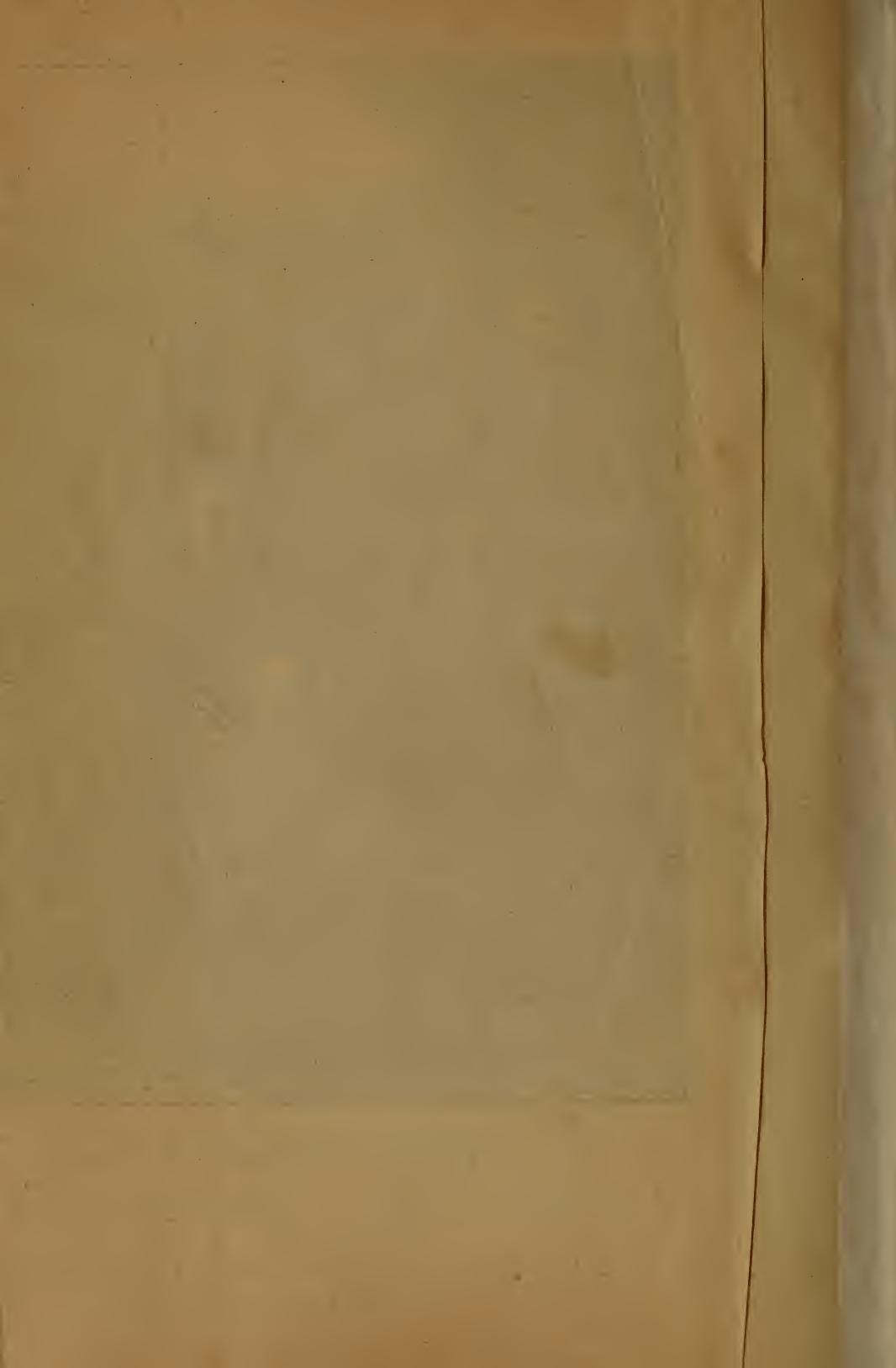
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J. E. Bates, S. M. McQuitty, M. H. McLeod, J. E. McAfee, F. W. McClusky, W. C. Harris,

J. M. Smith, F. Randus,

L. M. Scroggs, L. A. Christian, E. A. Boyd, J. M. McRue, E. F. Brown, M. Darlington,
C. B. Hastings,

B. W. Cronmiller, H. M. Shields, A. L. Reed, I. M. Muir, L. F. Brown, A. L. Tingley, F. L. Benedict,
S. A. Doty, G. K. W. McGee, M. J. Coffland, M. R. DeTar.

Park College, Parkville, Mo. Class of 1889



MEMENTOS
-OF THE-
CLASS OF '89.

Containing The Exercises Of Commencement Week
and other interesting data,
With an Introduction by Professor Wm H. Tibbals, Ph. D.

Compiled By
M. H. McLEOD.

—:O:—

PARK COLLEGE PRESS
PARKVILLE, MISSOURI
1889

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P. 7557
1889

To My Classmates,
Now divided in space,
Still United in Noble Aim and Purpose,
This Book is Dedicated
BY THE COMPILER.

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INVITATION ISSUED,

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11th Commencement.

Park College.

The Graduating Exercises of the Class of 1889 will be held in McCormick Chapel June 13th, at 10:30 A.M. The program of the week will be found enclosed. You are invited to attend any or all of these exercises.

John A. McAfee,

President

P

S. H. W. McCree,

Class President,

PARKVILLE, MO.

GRADUATES,

—:0:—

- Elsie Jane Bates, Montana, Kans.
Frederick Lincoln Benediet, Caldwell, Kans.
Edward Allan Boyd, La Grange.
Eugene Fulton Brown, Waverly, Kans.
Franklin Lauren Brown, Girard, Kans.
Lula Arnette Christian, Carlyle, Kans.
Mary Jane Coffland, Cherokee, Kans.
Bruce Wallace Croumiller, Joliet, Ill.
Minnie Darlington, Kansas City.
Mattie DeTar, Tia Juano, Cal.
Susie Adelle Doty, Braidwood, Ill.
William Chamberlain Harris, Carthage.
Clara Belle Hastings, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Joseph Ernest McAfee, Parkville.
Wm. Frederick McClusky, Holland Patent, N. Y.
Green Kerley White McGee, Parkville.
Malcolm H. McLeod, Kempt Road, N. S.
Martha Sylvia McQuitty, Mansfield, Pa.
Jeanie Mitchell McRuer, Union Grove.
Ida May Muir, Joplin.
Agnes Lee Reed, Kahoka.
Francis Rundus, New Tabor, Kans.
Luther Mitchell Scroggs, Greenfield.
Harvey Milton Shields, Archuleta, N. M.
James Miller Smith, Newark, N. J.
Adeline Love Tingley, Campbelle, Ia.

GENERAL PROGRAM.

—:—

Sunday, June 9th:—

11:00 A.M.—BACCALAUREATE SERMON, *By the Rev.*
W. H. Penhallegon, Streator, Ill.

7:30 P.M.—ADDRESS TO THE Y. M. C. A., *By*
Bishop D. R. Hendrix, Kansas City, Mo.

Monday, June 10th:—

7:30 P.M.—JOINT EXHIBITION OF THE LITERARY
SOCIETIES. *Part I.*

Tuesday, June 11th:—

7:30 P.M.—JOINT EXHIBITION OF THE LITERARY
SOCIETIES. *Part II.*

Wednesday, June 12th:—

10:30 A.M.—ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETIES, *By the*
Rev. Prof. John DeWitt, D.D., Chicago, Ill.

7:30 P.M.—ORATION BEFORE THE ALUMNI, *By the*
Rev. W. H. Penhallegon.

Thursday, June 13th:—

10:30 A.M.—GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE CLASS
OF 1889.

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PREFACE.

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OF making many books there is no end. So said a certain writer long before the days of type and printing presses. The compiler of the volume now thrust upon the nineteenth century readers is indebted to him for this ample apology for his present attempt. It now only remains for him to exonerate the contributors from that basest and most odious form of pride—pride of intellect. True, genuine modesty reluctantly yielded to the earnest entreaties of a few who desired the Commencement exercises to be published and preserved in a permanent form. Far were they from making an overweening estimate of their talents or attainments; far were they from being vain enough to rush into print; far are they from trusting that these creations of their brains will, in cold type, meet with universal approbation; and far, it is hoped, is it from being true that they shall stand a favorable comparison to the forth-coming productions of their later and riper years.

Though undeniably a literary symposium, though certainly possessing some sterling literary merit, yet it is the association and occasion that endear it to them and constitute its particular charms. Commencement day is to the general public an ordinary

annual occasion. To the graduating class it marks an important epoch. On it they last unite in concert—on it they diverge in the several radii of a circle never to meet again within the compass of the four winds.

As souvenirs of these endearments, the work was originally designed for private distribution only. The intention became known, the design overstepped its former limitations, and the work was placed within the reach of all sufficiently interested. Still everyone procuring a copy receives therewith the compliments of the class of '89. Kindly preserve it where cobwebs do not gather, nor dust accumulate.

M. H. M.

PARKVILLE, MO.

JUNE 13th 1889.

INTRODUCTION.

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THIS pleasing bouquet of prose and poetry—leaf and flower,—gathered in this bright June, is a fitting memento of the years of college life—years of struggles and successes, of toils and joys, of tearful days and happy weeks, of pleasant freedom from responsibility enjoyed under the fostering care of *Alma Mater*. College years are looked upon as the happiest of a student's life, and it is customary at commencement seasons for many to say that the happy days are now past. There is some truth and much error in the statement. These happy years are past but the memory of them will long remain to cheer one in the hours of disappointment that are sure to come.

While the period of college life is passing there is little thought of the responsibility of the years to come. There are occasionally faint echoes from the cold world which awaken brief apprehension but soon the cheering realities of college life reassert themselves and all is happy again. As the years pass rapidly and the time draws near when these pleasant associations must be given up, the anxious question "What next?" begins to trouble the senior. Apprehensions of the stern responsibilities of active life and of the buffetings and jostlings of the world begin to arise and trouble the hours of reverie, but these difficulties are great only as they are brought near and magnified by the telescope of imagination. On the other hand there are some who may look forward with impatience to the time when they may stand with men and bear a share of the burden of reclaiming the

world to righteousness. The enchantment which distance lends to these anticipated joys will diminish upon closer relations.

One who has spent more than a decade in contact with the "cold world" from which he had heard so many chilling reports can testify that the world is cold only to him who is chilling in his own unsympathetic sufficiency. Every young man and every young woman who has a willing mind, a warm heart, and a ready hand will find friends eager to lend a helping hand. The days and years to come will be just as full of happiness as any that are past, and the delight is so much the greater as the responsibilities faithfully met are greater. There is always a pleasure in competition and a satisfaction in duty well done. Contact with fellow men will develop keener sensibilities and stronger character provided always that choice is made of the right end and aim in life.

There is a work for each one who has had the special preparation of a college course. "But all vocations are crowded," some one says. "There is plenty of room on top" as Mr. Webster is reported to have said when he was told that the legal profession was already over-crowded. The way is open for leaders and there is scope for the powers of every true man and every true woman. There are difficulties to be met, but these may be overcome by earnest effort founded on faith in God. Who can tell which of the contributors to this bouquet will become the renowned minister of the Gospel, or the upright judge, or the great teacher,—a second Dr. Arnold, or the great writer of the twentieth century, or the distinguished leader in politics or society? Each may be what he wills to be and realize the joys and satisfaction of a life of usefulness.

June, 1889.

W. H. T.

ORATIONS AND ESSAYS.

—:O:—

THE NEW BIRTH OF JAPAN.

JENNIE E. BATES.

IT is with peculiar interest that America watches the progress of Japan, for it was America that first opened the hermit kingdom and brought her into the community of nations, helped her in her political and social revolutions, and sent her the first missionaries of the Cross.

Japan dates her authentic history back to 660 B. C. Yet today the ruler of the Island Empire exchanges greetings with the President of the youngest nation of the world. Scarcely a generation has passed since the Japanese emerged from their oriental exclusiveness, and entered the society of Western nations with a rapidity unparalleled in history. Previous to this era her shores were guarded against intercourse with foreigners by a feudal oligarchy.

These great and sudden changes have not come arbitrarily, but have been provided for in the antecedent condition of the people. To measure the tremendous leap made from the old state, we must know

something of her form of government and condition of society before she came in contact with the West.

Of her five classes of inhabitants, the feudal lords and knights for centuries monopolized arms, polite learning, intellect and patriotism. Below these were the common people, who were without political privileges.

To the twelfth century, the Mikado was sole ruler, but during a decay of power the dual system of government was established. The Mikado at Kioto was a mere figure-head and the sceptre of power was wielded by the Shogun at Yeddo. But this state of affairs was not to exist forever, for during the later part of the last century and the beginning of this, the daimios awoke to their political position and power, and all research of scholars and statesmen only revealed the more clearly the real position of the usurper. The Empire was ripe for revolution when the "barbarian" appeared in the Bay of Yeddo. The Shogun, after brief deliberation, and without authority, signed a treaty with Commodore Perry; immediately the war of 1868 followed, in which the Shogun was forced to retire and the Mikado was restored to power. During this time the feudal system which had existed for centuries was gradually abolished, and the reform movement received its first impulse.

The authority of the Crown being strengthened, the Emperor, instead of exercising despotic rule, with the aid of those statesmen who commanded his confidence, instituted the national movement in which

Western elements were introduced, in remodeling the government.

In 1881 a parliament was called to carry into effect the establishment of a constitutional form of government. And the last of a series of important acts was the promulgation of the new laws, which occurred February 11th, 1889. In the provision of the new constitution the people will have a share in the government. Japan, instead of an absolute monarchy, will be an hereditary Sovereign state, with the Mikado as chief of the army and navy, having power to open and dissolve parliament, declare war, and conclude peace. Complete liberty of speech, public meeting, and religion is established. The constitution has not met the desires of all, but it concedes much, and in time to come promises more, as the people are fitted to have greater liberty and power.

Political progress has gone on hand in hand with the construction of public work, the building of a navy, the establishment of new industries, and a system of education. Colleges abound for young men, to each of which is attached an extensive library of native and foreign works, showing the thoroughness with which they have begun the work of culture.

This once hermit people now visit and study in all the great cities of Europe and America, old superstitious are melting away, belief in witch-craft, sorcery, and enchantment is fading, nature-worship is dead, Buddhism and Christianity have a fair field of contest be-

fore them, and it is not difficult to forecast which in the end must triumph.

Old Japan has forever passed away to live only in art, drama and literature. New Japan opens its broad-armed ports, North, South, East and West, to invite the commerce of the world. She is in no danger of entangling alliances, which shall compel her to fight battles not her own. A prophecy of good is justified by the course of recent events. As "the building of a nation requires the wisdom of the wisest, and the virtues of the best," as "good government is the last attainment of civilization," the most liberal and patriotic men of Japan are working to this end, and their labor will not be without reward.

Thus situated, the "Land of the Rising Sun" has no reason to be envious of any of her neighbors. Even the "Celestial Kingdom" is no longer counted worthy of a place in the same rank. Japan does not put forth the claim to be classed with America, England, Germany, or France, but in political organization she is the equal of Italy, in general intelligence she has out-stripped the once glorious Spain, in freedom of speech she is over-riding haughty Russia. Roused by the restless Americans from her sleep of centuries, the glory of barbarous, heathen Japan has faded away before the splendor of the moral, intellectual and material growth of the new.

KNOWLEDGE AS A CIVILIZER.

FRED L. BENEDICT.

IN ethical, philanthropic, and Christian writings we perpetually meet with the declaration, "Ignorance is the parent of vice;" and since this is true, it is therefore self-evident that knowledge is the remedy, for ignorance and knowledge are diametrically opposed.

Shakespeare says, "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." But neither clause states the entire truth. A man is not necessarily cursed because he is ignorant: a fault not his own may account for lack of education. Neither is it true that knowledge alone will carry a man to heaven; the educated infidel is a detriment to society. It is a well established truth that knowledge without the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, is the most dangerous power which can influence the minds of men.

But it is not so much education in the individual as in national affairs, that we are to consider. We may safely say that education tends to a nation's prosperity. Let the rulers or voters be ignorant and adversity follows.

The representative of our nation is placed there by the votes of the people; how necessary then that pop-

ular suffrage should be supported by popular education. This idea is recognized among us in regard to the African race. Imbue the minds of our citizens with justice, benevolence, virtue and mental culture, then vice will diminish, and civil duties will be more carefully discharged.

It is our system of education that is laying a firm foundation for our government. This opinion the father of our country expressed in his first annual message. He says, "Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measure of government receive their impressions so immediately from the sense of the community as in ours, it is proportionably essential." Again in his farewell address occur those memorable words: "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinions, it is essential that public opinions should be enlightened."

Other nations are building their foundations on the same principle. Belgium boasts of fifty years of freedom by reason of it. China and Siam are being persuaded to make it the corner stone of their government. The Indian is laying aside his arrows and applying his hands to labor. Italy and Greece are looking toward a still higher order of culture, and France makes it a stone in the arch of her government.

By these and other important facts we perceive the power of knowledge, and the strength its mighty influence wields. It gives vitality to our many branches of industry, to inventions that have bound our land

with railroads, and propelled immense ships across the mighty oceans, and connected Europe and America by cable. Education makes the great wheels of our nation revolve and pilots it to the harbor of prosperity. As for man, it seeks admission into the secret recesses of his mind, and offers its strong and mighty hand to guide him to success.

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CERTAIN PHASES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

E. A. BOYD.

AS long as there be men who love to read of deeds of valor and chivalry; as long as there remains in the human breast an element that can be stirred by tales of tragedy or love, and moved to excited interest by the record of history, so long will there be a place for the works of Dickens and Scott, Shakespeare and Milton, Longfellow and Holmes, Bacon and Macaulay.

Not long after that Greek language had fallen from its undisputed supremacy, a small seed that had fallen deep within a fertile soil, began to show signs of vigorous life. That seed contained the germ of the English language. From that time until now it has

been growing stronger and more powerful. Every attacking storm has added new vigor and given greater possibilities for deeper growth. Every contact with other tongues has increased its capacity for finer and more distinct shades of thought. Every attempt to make it secondary to other languages has but given it an opportunity to borrow an equipage of synonyms and again go free, vastly richer than before. Through storms and difficulties, great and numerous, has the English language grown and developed. The small acorn has become a majestic oak, spreading its branches in rich profusion, and every true, deep principle may find safe lodgement within its branches.

The growth of the English language has been wonderful. It seems to have a peculiarly magnetic power that can attract and adapt the beauties of other languages. From the ruins of other tongues it has constantly been gathering the choicest relics. It is a heritage whose value can be only in the smallest degree appreciated. To him who uses it discriminately and properly, it is a source of wealth and power. The rapid growth of our language can be accounted for by the ease with which foreign accessions may be assimilated. In it the Anglo Saxon, French, Latin, Greek are all blended. Their peculiarities are lost sight of, and they form a union of such symmetry and stability that discrimination is practically impossible. Change has been a marked characteristic of our tongue. To him who is conversant with the English of Longfellow, that of Chaucer conveys only now and

then an idea; but the basis of each is the same. They represent different stages of development and out-growth of the same pure germ.

The rapid spread of the language is due not so much to the qualities of the language itself as to the high character of the people among whom it has gained its most marked perfection. Anglo Saxon civilization has given the Anglo Saxon language great influence wherever it has come. But the virtue of its advocates has given power to the language. The superiority of its language can never produce virtue in a nation. Any other germ among the same people would have been as carefully developed and pushed toward preeminence. The language of a people seeking purity must be pure. It then gains an immeasurable advantage of appeal to the instincts of humanity. Mark the speech of the American people and find in it an index to the American purity of heart. What mean those volumes of vulgarisms that greet the ear? It is but a lowering of the standard of the language that is worthy of honor and should command our reverence. Say rather, What means this complacent toleration of degraded and meaningless street phrases? It is but an indication of our little appreciation of the rare gem entrusted to our safe keeping. We pronounce him a traitor who tramples the American flag under foot, because he dishonors that emblem of unity and liberty around which our people gather with feelings of exultation and patriotism. But he who brings to shame our language should receive disapprobation because

he debases that which is the pride of even greater multitudes of people. The traitor proves false to a nation and dies. The inventor of colloquialisms drags the pride of nations in the dust, yet lives.

The possibilities of the English language are gauged by the character of the people using it. There lie before it two roads. It may, by a close adherence to fundamental principles, become the medium of speech for the nations of the earth; or, like the Greek, it may become somewhat prominent, produce a few works that may endure the wearing effects of time, be the weapon used by a few great statesmen in the defence of justice, and then sink into obscurity and at last have the honor of being merely a sacred monument of what might have been. History will have a grand success to record or a dismal failure to relate. She will tell of the spread and supremacy of that speech that now blesses our shores, or picture in dismal shades the ruins of that sacred "temple of fame,"—the English language. She will compose for us a grand melody that will stir every heart with joy and gladness as our speech attains still greater perfection; or she will arrange, for the ears of those who follow us, a minor so deep that every breast will vibrate with the strangely saddened strains. For her future possibilities, the present generation is, in some degree at least, responsible. With the sacredness with which it is held by us must come success or failure. In proportion as we hold her upon the plain of highest regard will she be es-

teemed by others. And in so far as she becomes the possession of a people loving righteousness and justice and truth, in so far will she be crowned the queen of languages and be raised aloft where her sparkling jewels of thought may glisten on and on and on in the dazzling light of coming centuries.

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THE SUBLIMITY OF A PURPOSE

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E. F. BROWN.
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HE who carefully studies the plants during their different stages of growth; or the movement of the stars in the heavens, cannot but acknowledge that they are the work of a master workman. He will find nothing of created matter at absolute rest. Every particle of dust at our feet is at work, fulfilling a purpose sublime and incomprehensible to finite beings. Hence, since the author of nature had a purpose, it is of the greatest importance that man, the most favored of creatures, should have a purpose—a definite aim around which all his plans center. Carlyle says: “A man without a purpose is no man.” Indeed a man without a purpose is like a ship without chart or compass on an unknown sea. It has no

definite course; but is blown hither and thither by varying winds. So the man who has no particular course is tossed about by the winds of chance. Man is the ship; the world is the sea; the port toward which his course should be directed is success; the propelling power is purpose.

When you walk the streets made brilliant by means of electricity, pause to consider why Edison persevered in the study of the laws of electricity; even after he and his appliances for making experiments were kicked out. A great thought had been impressed upon his mind. He could not banish it: it must be worked out. His purpose in life was to solve some of the mysteries of electricity. The result is millions of dollars added to the wealth of the world; caused by the following out of a sublime purpose.

Cooper, the great philanthropist, was an apprentice. Feeling the need of more education he sought to find an open way to success. But none was to be found. He resolves to establish a school for the training of "apprentices and mechanics". To the accomplishment of this end were all the efforts of his life directed. The Cooper Institute, with its lecture course, with its schools in which the practical branches are taught, is a fitting monument to a life with a definite purpose.

Why does every true American praise and honor the name of the immortal Garfield? Is it because he was cruelly murdered by the hand of a cowardly

assassin? Yes, both, some say. But does not a grander and more sublime feeling rise when it is remembered that he had a definite purpose which led him from the log-cabin to president of a college; from president of a college to the army; from the army to Congress; from Congress to President of the United States. That purpose was how he might be of the best service to his fellow-men.

What made Peter the Great one of the best of the world's monarchs? It comes from the fact that he had a definite aim—an aim that caused him to go to Holland's shipyards as a poor ship-carpenter, an aim that led him to visit the different countries of Europe, undergoing hardships that he might better learn how to govern his people.

Geology teaches that ages ago nature was at work in her laboratory preparing the world for man when he should come to inhabit it. Change after change, transformation after transformation took place fulfilling a purpose.

History! We are taught in thy pages of the rise of men and states which have had a definite purpose, Also of the fall of men and republics from lack of earnest, well-directed action. By means of the rocks you tell us of the purpose of a divine Architect ages ago. Opposition! You have aided us in our progress. Your blows have but strengthened the character of men whom you thought to turn from their purpose. Perseverance! You have ever been our faithful guide. You have brought us to an eminence but to show us

another to be gained. You have ever kept us from faltering in our purpose. You have held before us the motto: "Higher, forever higher".

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THE SHIRK IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

L. F. BROWN.

IN the possession of pure morals and Christian virtues America has no equal; but it is painfully evident there is not a nation on the face of the earth in which bad men have such facilities for acquiring and retaining power. They win elections to seats in the national legislature by fraud and bribery; they perch like foul birds in the offices of great cities; they batten upon public spoil; they disgrace Christian civilization and free institutions; they debase the moral sense of the nation.

Who is responsible for this? Not the bad men, mainly, for if the devil is permitted to manage the politics of a nation, we expect him to do it. Politics are in his particular line. It is no glittering generality to affirm that the good men of America are mainly responsible for this evil in politics. Think of it! They have the best social influences,—the

Christian church, the literary institutions, the pure sympathies of women, reason, conscience, God, all on their side, and the only reason the bad reign, and the good are powerless, is the good are shirks. They seem not to grasp their relations to the State; they seem to possess a moral poverty which excludes them from patriotic motives and duties.

The good men of our country are so engrossed in some grand and supreme object in life, they forget what moral philosophy as well as patriotism teaches concerning personal responsibility to government. Political responsibility is not a personal privilege to be used or neglected at will. It is not a question of personal convenience or of interest, but of public responsibility. The ballot does not of itself insure a just distribution of influence, for it gives to the ignorant and the corrupt the same weight in government as the wise and virtuous. If the intelligent and honest neglect this duty, they surrender the government to the vicious and the wicked. The operation of personal influence is checked, that influence which gives to the wise and virtuous citizen control of the votes of the ignorant and thoughtless. The moral grandeur and purity of these good men shrivel wonderfully when the light of patriotism and personal responsibility is focused upon them.

Yet these political shirks are very respectable. Let us not question the whiteness of their fragrant hands. They are exceedingly clean, pure men; their particular fault, if they have any, being an excessive

cleanliness which unfits them for contact with the world. Year after year they refuse to visit the polls because politics has become so corrupt; they have ceased to have any interest because good men are not nominated. Would it not be well to attend a primary occasionally to see whether good men are nominated? Would it not be well for these Peters on the Mount of Transfiguration to descend into the trials and temptations of the political arena? Mystery of mysteries, why God permits such spotless robes of purity to descend to this sin-cursed world! Of all the shirks which the prolific evil of America produces there certainly can be none more despicable than these.

There is another class of good men who value political privileges so cheaply they are ready to sell them for personal ease and comfort. They are exceedingly patriotic, ready to do anything for the nation, if it costs not too much time or trouble or money. These good men have declined office, have shunned public duty, because it costs too much! Does it cost nothing to see offices held by second and third rate politicians, to be themselves ruled by vicious men? Can they afford to have the institutions of their country cheapened and disgraced by the wicked administration of law? Life consist in the abundance of the things a man possesses! Life a struggle of getting rather than doing and being! Life is real and earnest only to that American citizen whose radii of heart and brain and muscle and concentrated manhood touch the circumference of his life, to that man only

who comes up to the full measure of his social and political responsibilities. What a dilemma our political life is in! One class so good as to be disgusted with politics, another class so busy as not to have time for attending to them. What shall become of a nation where good men instead of leading political battles fight humbly in the ranks or run away, or refuse to participate in the elections or be elected to office when an aroused moral sentiment designates them for such a position? It may be the province of the Creator to permit evil; it is never the province of his creatures.

What is the medicine for this selfish indifference? We need enlarged sympathies, quickened activities as members of a national brotherhood; we need to comprehend more deeply our political duties. There must be willingness to perform them; for there is not an interest in life on which these duties do not have a practical bearing. There must be more unselfishness, more willingness to do and die for that which is God-like in our souls and God-given in our institutions. We need nothing to make this government the best of all governments, except to take the government from the hands of self-seeking and office seeking politicians and place in power only those whom the virtuous and intelligent regard as the best men. Until there is this mighty uprising against corruption and wrong, this patriotic re-awakening to the duties of citizenship, place will give honor to no man, and our Republicanism will become contemptible among the nations of the world.

THE WEST, AND ITS LITERATURE .

LUTIE A. CHRISTIAN.

WHAT is the West, and where? The definition must of necessity be somewhat vague, for the farther east one lives, for him the farther east the great West extends.

The West, as treated in fiction by some authors, is something of a modern Utopia, while with others there is a shade of difference between it and the Sahara. Its extreme bright side or its extreme dark side is portrayed, and finally it is left the most commonplace of all common places.

The only ideas which a large majority of our people have of opposite parts of our country are obtained through the current literature. Opinions are formed without waiting for authentic statements. Such a class, probably, associate with the term "West" a vague idea of sand-hills and wild Indians, and are perfectly astounded with the suggestion, for instance, that some one has made of having the National capital moved in that direction, more toward the center of the Union. Very likely their knowledge of it is composed of a hazy idea which they have obtained from some novel. For no matter what else the authors make prominent, they almost invariably succeed

in making a ridiculous picture of the looks, language or customs of the western people.

There are great difficulties in the way of a new country's securing its own literature. Recall the days when there was no such thing as American literature, when the sneer of English critics was more feared than the cannon, making our best authors quail, fearing lest their reputation be ruined unless the English nodded approval. Dicken's works display the feeling that then existed between the two countries. A somewhat analagous feeling exists between the literature of the eastern and western parts of our land. The eastern authors answer well to the description of that certain one who was forgiven ten thousand talents but would not forgive another one hundred pence. The literature [of any country generally possesses its own distinctive marks. This applies particularly to the best western authors.

Bret Hart, our western humorist, actually saw and experienced the themes of his productions. His "Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Outcasts of Poker Flat" revealed life to his eastern friends under new, startling and almost incomprehensible conditions, yet the more fascinating on this very account. Many of his poems are addressed to objects which had a peculiar interest for himself, and concerned unusual experiences during his western travels. In another strain, his well-known sequel to Maud Muller gives a moral equal in pathos to the original, the conclusion being, "It is, but hadn't ought to be." He went

east to enjoy his fame, but soon returned, for his best efforts were put forth under the influence of life and scenery of the Pacific slope.

Bob Burdette, the comic western writer and lecturer, first began his humorous style for the amusement of his invalid wife, but was soon on demand for the entertainment of city after city.

Helen Hunt Jackson, though born in the east, is called a western writer; for she knows the West as is clearly shown in her works. Her interesting and instructive stories treat of the far West. In "Romona" her theme is the life of a girl among the Spanish and Indians of California. She tells us also of the difficulty which both the Spaniards and Indians had in obtaining titles to their lands, it being but a short time after California had been ceded to our Government by Mexico.

The Mormons contribute to the literature of the West. Although not so elevating or inspiring as some perhaps, it gives us some ideas of the life and work among them. Idaho, the gem of the mountains; Colorado, with her beautiful resorts for health and recreation; Dakota, with her vast extent of interesting territory; California, with her balmy equatorial climates, and beautiful beaches of the peaceful Pacific; Utah, with all her varied experiences; the entire West, with her wide awake and enterprising people, certainly has great things in store for the literary talent, which is surely there and is only awaiting a culmination. Considering the West of fact or fiction we find

a place where there need be no economy as to land, water or fresh air, however much it is found necessary to economize in other necessities of life.

The call, "Go West, Young Man," has certainly been well heeded by those seeking their fortunes, but there is still a wide margin for those who are particularly interested in the literary field. Quite frequently quality makes up for quantity, but in this case, when there is so large a field, it certainly seems that there should be an advance in quantity also. Then the West would be better known and not so frequently misrepresented.

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INCOMPLETENESS,

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 MARY J. COFFLAND.
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WHAT song is ever so sweet but that the singer's thought was sweeter? What poet has given his best thoughts to the world? What artist or sculptor is there whose canvass has reflected his highest dream, or whose patient toil has been rewarded by the exact embodiment of his ideal? Language is inadequate to express all the music of the heart, all the poetry of the mind. Skill can never so completely

control the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel but that some shading, some chiseling, will mar the perfection. Although nothing is complete, yet we may easily trace the efforts of man in his continual search after completeness. Wherever men mingle together there is someone who is recognized as possessing greater abilities than the rest. In proportion as these powers are developed, he receives their respect and admiration. It is inherent in the nature of man to receive guidance from those who are his superiors. The first forms of government were very simple. In the patriarchal government, the father of the family was the legal, as well as the natural, governor. This form was superseded by a government which extended over the whole tribe and finally over a nation. These have in turn been governed by the monarchical, aristocratic and democratic forms.

Although in this greatest of all centuries, many inventions of the utmost importance have been made, yet the maximum has not been reached. The telescope reveals to man that the stars are not simply the "lesser lights" which "God made to rule the night", and that this earth instead of being the center of the universe, is only one of countless planets which take their course around the sun. But myriads of planets circle through boundless space, which the strongest telescope fails to bring within our range of vision.

In years past the trireme was monarch of the

ocean. Behold now, the swift steamers plowing the mighty deep, defying the wind, and laughing in the face of the storms. On land, the crawling stage-coach is replaced by the express trains before whose approach mountains are leveled, valleys filled, rivers spanned by magnificent bridges, and cities are no longer hundreds of miles apart but only a pleasant ride of a few hours. Heralds and bonfires are no longer needed to spread the news from city to city. Electricity carries our messages from continent to continent at a speed which almost annihilates time and space. From a vague, indefinite knowledge of its nature, from a timid and uncertain use of its power, we have come to understand that it is one day to be our servant, and perhaps the next century will be the time for its fullest development.

As the light of a candle dispels the darkness for a few feet around, so the inventions of men banish the ignorance of the world; but the inventions now, in proportion to those that will be, are as the feeble rays of the candle to the light of the noonday sun.

Students study the various things marked out for their instruction only to find, when their course is finished, that they have been led to numberless doors, the opening wide of any one of which, even with the experiences of all the great of the earth before them, requires more than the allotted three score and ten years. No scientist has unveiled all the secrets of nature. No Solomon has learned all that is to be known.

One by one Nature yields her secrets. Man, whose ambition knows no bounds, whose capacity for knowledge is limitless, by delving deep down in the earth, or, in his eagerness, mounting to the stars, will continue to search after hidden things as long as opportunity offers, until the unknown is merged into the known, until incompleteness is swallowed up in the complete.

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THE AGGRESSIVENESS OF FREE THOUGHT,

BRUCE W. CRONMILLER.

IN 1776 a revolutionary hero stood before the assembled patriots of the Thirteen Colonies, and with tongue touched with the fire and eloquence of inspiration exclaimed, "We are men! We are free men!" Freedom is the proudest heritage of our race. From it arise the noble dignity and divine possibilities of man. From it has sprung man's permanent progress, and in it is mirrored the significance of his high destiny. It is the iron cable that binds earth to heaven; that links man to God and the angels. Every heaven born aspiration—all emulation emanates from man's freedom; every worthy ambition is supported by it.

Nature, in her constant evolution of beauty, symmetry and utility, is our wisest and most constant teacher. Her great continents and mighty rivers; her rich meadows and lonely forests; her verdant hills and sublime mountains, all become a part of man, develop him into a sovereign self-hood, and make him greater and nobler than them all. Under such tutelage his trained eye and aspiring heart behold, in universal nature and in humanity, their Great Author, and around the Creator man centers the energy and purpose and triumphant progress of the centuries.

In the external and internal world man is in the midst of perpetual and mighty changes. Their laws, if known, will elevate and ennoble him, but unknown, they will lower and debase him as the puppet of hostile forces. Surrounded thus, man has been endowed by his Divine Fashioner with an inward necessity for independent thought and action.

The principle of progression is eternal in the human soul and in the might of free thought, "turning restlessly to find the healing light of truth" it is a perpetual well-spring of invention and discovery. The thinking man, girt about with free strength, and impelled by a sense of life's high purpose, dares venture where all is to his fellow-man "the clashing of worlds and the chaos of matter." With faith strong and warm, with the pulsations of life, he accepts reason's service and sanction, and with this union of positive forces he writes the history of a Christian civilization.

Under the controlling love of truth, man's mind teems with living thought which must come to the birth and be clothed and nurtured.

Those evolution forces in the world struggling for an outward expression of the heaven-born personality in man, are generated by the enginery of free thought. They light fire in the human soul whose burning can not be quenched until it has consumed some Procrustean bed of belief or destroyed some cloak of cherished ignorance. The meridian sun of a new dispensation has arisen and now lights with divine significance Canaans hitherto unknown!

To men of big brain and strong heart, the history of human progress is the record of a slow and painful advance. In its track they see the prostrate bodies of those "high priests of truth", who being dead yet speak to us and generations to come. When a Socrates or an Aristides has appeared glowing with some of the recovered majesty of man, the waiting hemlock or impending ostracism has not swerved him from the divine purpose of his life.

The philosopher sees the apple fall, and his quickened intellect catches from it the hypothetical thought of gravity. His active genius has soon wrought out the principles of his great discovery and their publication revolutionizes a world of scientific thought. Nothing but truth's freeing, energizing power could have infused into the world's sluggish blood the elements of a vigorous progression.

The study of unbalanced continents waked the

thought of a new world, and the undaunted mariner overcoming an incredulous court and the fear and mutiny of a superstitious crew, crossed a trackless ocean to find a new world in the West.

Night by night the great Laplace scanned the heavens with its million star points until upon his vision flashed a universe of formulating worlds whose courses and harmony bear the impress of Almighty control. With a glad spring of triumph, the great astronomer passes from a system of worlds drawn in the lines and angles of human architecture to a universe fashioned by Divine Mechanism and governed by the wisdom and power of an Infinite Creator.

The famed "stone mason of Cromarty," unsatisfied with the theories of an arbitrary authority, with faith in his heart and iron in his hand, saw in the fossil remains of his own Scotch hills a new tablet of law, diviner and clearer and fuller. The old red sandstone were eloquent with tongues of flame and the fossil forms were stern and rigid with the stress of a new revelation. Through them came to him the vision of varied life ascending through the centuries, springing from creation to creation until matter and spirit blended and crowded creation's work in Man.

This immortal principle of progress scattered broadcast the seeds of human freedom in England, and in our nation they have grown into the larger, broader principle of civil and religious liberty.

Stimulated by the vigor and activity of free thought the human race is effecting its own deliverance, and

is regaining its primitive nobility and dignity. The wisdom and might of free thought is building the sublime and enduring structure of a Christian civilization. It is writing a Science whose scope and unity are God's. It is formulating a Philosophy that is warm and vital with God's beneficence. It confirms man's regard for all that is sacred and true in human and divine institutions, and turns him from the baseness of slavery to the cautious reverence of wisdom and love.

With stronger, freer energies and more benevolent purposes, man originates the moral and political forces which are working great and permanent changes in his fellow man, and in the institutions of government and society.

These ever new, ever living forces, impelled by the needs and opportunities of successive ages, will make the circle of truth wider and still wider until it shall emerge into the full light of its glorious center and encompass the eternal throne of God.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

MINNIE DARLINGTON.

IT may be said that the emancipation of literature in Russia dates back scarcely fifty years: hence present interest evinced in it by Americans is chiefly due to novelty; for it must be admitted that one of our most prominent national traits is an enthusiastic admiration of something new and striking. Yet it has been said that this one trait shows us to advantage, as it betokens a healthy curiosity in intellectual matters; for there is no surer sign a man or country has ceased to grow than the disposition to believe that all the songs have been sung, that everything that can be known about human nature is already trite, and that the methods of the past are the only ones deserving of respect.

The announcement that translations had been made from a Russian novelist was received with curiosity and surprise. Literary talent was not ordinarily thought of in connection with the Russians, who, from the imperfect view obtained of them through the medium of foreign translators, seemed to be composed of only two classes,—the educated, intelligent Russians whose time and talents, seemed to be taken up in the political upheavals of their country, and the other class, stupid indifferent peasants.

Then there stood the Censor, ever on guard with his fatal red pencil to interdict anything relating to the civil wrongs of the people, or any disparagement of the Russian system of government. Seemingly it was rather a hopeless out-look, as no phase of Russian life of enough interest to warrant its portrayal could be portrayed, for fear of that power upon the throne, whose oppression the highest in rank has felt in common with the meanest serf.

It was left for Tourgenief, who was the first of the Russian writers to be introduced to the Americans, to prove that phases of Russian life and character which could awaken wide spread interest, and also current political topics, could be treated in such a manner that the Censor would allow them to pass inspection. His first important work, "Annals of a Sportsman," achieved great popularity as is generally the case with a novel which is called into existence by the presence of social evils, and whose great aim is the righting of them. This work so vividly portrayed the horrors and wrongs of serfage, that it finally led to the emancipation of the serf. His other works were of such a decidedly socialistic order, that they finally brought him to prison.

After Tourgenief, came Tolstoi, whose works, now widely read, have shown us a breadth of insight into character and depth of analysis unsurpassed in any literature. They express very fully the tremendous and incessant intellectual and moral turmoil that has agitated Russia during the last twenty-five years.

Although Tourgenief was the first to give Americans their knowledge of Russian talent for description, his was not the first blow against the social wrongs of his country. Years before his "Annals" were published there appeared a satirical work entitled "Dead Souls", showing the result arising from the serf system, which drew attention to the error of it as only such a work could. Its author Nikolai Gogol, although an older writer than either Tourgenief or Tolstoi, was the last to be introduced to American readers. His "Dead Souls" began that revolution which Tourgenief's "Annals of a Sportsman" aided in bringing to a successful close. His realistic power in depicting men and things is remarkable. Neither Tolstoi nor Tourgenief can excel him. Gogol is dear to the hearts of the Russians because in spite of the fierce satire that cloaked his disgust to the governmental despotism, he had full confidence in the eventual independence and salvation of the Russian people.

Gogol, Tourgenief, Tolstoi compose the literary triumvirate which has done so much for Russia in its long struggle between freedom and slavery, which is still going on. Their works, full of keen satire, tender love and pity for the people, and grim exposure for all the abuses of the empire, are a compendium of the internal condition of Russia. Besides having a decided historical value, they help and encourage others in their efforts in literature, for in Russia it is no easy task to undertake such a work. No country presents today a wider field for literature yet the ob-

stacles in the way are so great that it requires heroism of no mean sort to attempt to overcome or even face them.

In Russia life is too serious to countenance the novel of mere amusement. The native who writes speaks for the whole compressed anguish of a people in chains. "Mere entertainment would be a degrading aim for a Russian novelist. It is only by careful representation of familiar or possible facts that the novel manages to elude repression. Yet even the sharpest eyed censor does not read what is written between the lines. It is this part, printed as it were in invisible ink, that helps to fill out the terrible picture of despair that almost every Russian novel contains."

The field of fiction is largely occupied by women. In no country are the conditions of literature so favorable to women as in Russia. No women in the world possess such advantages of observation and experience. They are born diplomats, and today, according to Tourgenief, they are the most dangerous elements of socialism. They have done much in bringing the Russian literature to the present position it occupies,—that of mouth-piece of the most important movements that are now threatening the relics of feudalism.

THE LOST ART.

MATTIE DETAR.

PHILOSOPHY and science have done much to advance the civilization of the world, but hand in hand with these, and wielding a quiet but mighty influence, the arts have done their work. Which of the arts has had the most influence, is a question that has been variously discussed and as variously decided. Music, sculpture, painting, and each of the others has, in turn, been favored, but one which Holmes designates the "noblest, the most important, and the most difficult" of the fine arts, has been too frequently neglected and slighted. Its influence is felt in the family, in the social circle, in business life, and indeed, wherever man is found.

That it is human nature to talk, is an unquestioned statement. From the time of Adam till the present day, the world has talked; and there seems to be an increase rather than a decrease in the amount of time consumed in conversation. The very antiquity of the art and the frequency with which it is used, should make it a subject of thoughtful consideration. Milton once said, "A word has changed a character, and a character has changed a kingdom."

In the social circle, the power of conversation is unlimited. It is here that character is in a great de-

gree moulded, and the most lasting influence exerted. One's position in society depends, in a measure, on one's conversational powers. Deficiencies in dress, looks and manner are forgotten when minds, attracted by the magnetism of a kindred thought, are found to draw from the same fountain of knowledge, and barriers, before seemingly impassable, are overcome. One writer, in speaking of this great power, says, "Knowledge is not knowledge till after it is brought under the faculties of speech. It is easy to harvest knowledge by study but one must have the wind of talk to winnow the chaff away; then the precious grains of truth and wisdom will be garnered for our own and others use."

The opinion that to be able to keep up a constant stream of small talk is to be a good conversationalist is gaining currency in the social circle to-day. Butler says, "The tongue is like a race horse; it runs faster the lighter weight it carries."

To be a good listener and to have the faculty of drawing from others their thoughts are both requisite in good conversation. Holmes, though bright and sparkling in conversation, also appreciates the value of silence; he says, "Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop the vibration, as in twanging them to bring out their music."

Aside from the benefit of social intercourse, the mental powers are more fully developed, and a wider and more complete range of information is gained by

conversation. Why, then, allow such a noble art to sink into insignificance, and merely serve as a machine by means of which our wants are made known to each other, when by cultivation, it may become the most refined and elegant of the fine arts?

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HIGHER CULTURE.

SUSAN A. DOTY.

THIS is pre-eminently an age of progress. The present measure of peace and prosperity in the social and political world affords unparalleled advantages for an intellectual and moral development which is destined, beyond any present comprehension, to revolutionize the world. Assaults against science, ethics and religion serve only to strengthen them and to stimulate them to greater progress.

The most perfect fulfilment of man's duty to God, to society and to himself is found in a vigorous body, a developed intellect and a spirit permeated with the catholic Christianity of Calvary. The evolution of this trinity in unity constitutes the true, practical and philosophical education.

Can finite mind know what the links may be between

the physical, intellectual and spiritual energies? The great principles of the development of these powers are established on fixed, universal laws. A composition of matter and force makes up the physical beings, yet who can tell what that force is that renews and maintains life? The intellect has been aptly compared to a century plant in which all its energy is centered in one evolution of its expansive powers. It is a narrow self-interest that prompts man to seek education for the sake of its quota to temporal prosperity. That which mental development is in itself, and that which it accomplishes, places it on a far higher plane than that of a casual or merely material advantage.

The elevating and ennobling incentives of true culture beget a broadly diffusive spirit of benevolence and make man immeasurably more a public benefactor than the most intrinsic mechanism of any human construction. The influence of Pericles and of Justinian comes down to us in the realm of state. "Homer and Horace are still masters of the poetic art." Plato's profound thought, emotional purity and noble activity is still potent. His philosophy was a complete and richly endowed humanity, but it was only human.

If the influence of these men has been so great and far reaching, what must that be of John Quincy Adams and Garfield, of Milton and Bryant, and of Mark Hopkins. In state, in poetic art and in philosophy they have lived to influence humanity toward Divinity.

This is a day in which science is making great progress. Its uniform laws of succession and construction are but a revelation of the works of God. Human thought, civil liberty, private morals and individual opinions attain their greatest height through Christian education. We cannot afford to dispense with the legacies of past science, art and literature, neither can we afford to miss the ethical pearls that come to us from Sinai and Calvary. "The foundation of all noble morality," says an eminent Scotch thinker, "is moral inspiration from within, and the feeder of that fountain is God." Gladly should we lend our influence and aid to such an education as will inaugurate the highest mental intelligence and culture. This can come only as the refining and ennobling influences of the universal religion of Christ holds complete sway over the hearts of men.

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STRUGGLE, THE CONDITION OF PROGRESS.

W. C. HARRIS.

SINCE Homer sang of the exploits of Achilles, and Virgil lauded the hero of the Trojan War; since Herodotus immortalized men in history, and Livy re-

counted the valiant deeds of Hannibal and of Hamilcar; poets and philosophers, biographers and historians have agreed, that success in any line is only attained by manly, persistent effort. There is help and strength in resistance. Were it not for friction, men could not advance a single step. The value of cohesion and adhesion in nature and mechanics is incalculable. The fires of life itself are only kept aglow by continual struggle against death.

The progress of the Christian church, the advancement of nations from weakness to power, the examples of men who have come from poverty and obscurity to places of usefulness and renown, all teach that struggle is a necessary condition to the progress of mankind.

When the church was weak, and its faithful adherents were in scattered bands; when they were hunted down and slain like wild beasts; when they suffered torture and death in the most cruel forms; to human eyes the church was near extermination. When out of martyrdom and persecution the church took a new impulse; when opposition and cruelty fired those remaining with a zeal which meant advancement; the evil encountered became a cause for thanksgiving.

The nations of the earth which have made great advancement, are those which have been the scenes of terrible conflicts. Had not William the Conqueror subdued the seven kings of Briton, this heptarchy might never have been welded into the English government—destined to become Mistress of the World.

France was engulfed in a revolution and blood flowed like water; and France emerged from the blackness of despotism, to the clear light of republicanism. When the hard fate of tyranny and oppression held sway over sunny Italy; when citizens were lashed to death and patriots were entombed in loathsome dungeons for the crime of loving liberty; there appeared a lad whose soul burned with indignation at these sights. Garibaldi determined to free Italy. What could the son of a poor seaman accomplish battling with the kings of Europe? Obstacles apparently insurmountable electrified his energies. Tyranny was throttled, the Pope driven from Rome, Italy freed,—the result of persistent effort by one man. Germany was but a single power. Bismarck came forward with his continuous and indomitable will, and behold the great German Empire!

Had not the efforts of the great discoverer been tireless and incessant, who can say when the new world would have offered an asylum for the homeless and oppressed? The forces attacking the American colonies were powerful. The resistance was long and desperate. The progress resulting from the Revolutionary War will continue through time. When the Civil War brought the United States to the brink of dissolution, the strife was terrible; but thereby this Union was bound by a tie which annually grows stronger.

Of those who have become the most wealthy and useful, the majority have arisen through difficulties.

George Peabody, a groceryman's clerk at nineteen, during his life gave thirteen million dollars for the benefit of his fellow-men. Cornell, a poor mechanic at thirty three, and Cornell University at the end of his life,—the result of struggle against obstacles. Time would be lacking to speak of Lincoln, of Garfield, of Grant and of Jay Gould; of James Watt, Stephenson and Howe; of Bayard Taylor, Bryant and Horace Greely; of Farragut, Eads, Sheridan and Moody; of Thorwaldsen, Machael Angelo and others.

When the British nation refused Henry Bessemer the reward which his first invention deserved, it only benefited mankind by spurring this youth on to new effort. Had he received the promised three thousand dollar salary, the nations might never have known of Bessemer steel. This one invention saved to the world, in twenty years, five thousand million dollars.

The men who have gained success and fame have paid for it by hard, honest effort. Had not Gambetta struggled with poverty, had he not improved every opportunity, he could not have embraced the grand opportunity of his life. He could not have made that bold thrust at the man who had usurped the French throne. He could not have restored the republic of France. When Daniel Webster was asked how long he was in preparing his unequalled reply to Hayne, for answer he gave his age, "Forty eight years, sir." Alexander Hamilton was a friendless orphan in New York City; and Alexander Hamilton became the "Little Giant" of America. John Quincy Adams encoun-

tered more opposition than any politician of his day; but many generations will recount the victories won by the "Old Man Eloquent."

The railroad, the steam engine, all improved machinery are the results of patient toil and struggle. Seldom do men reflect upon the labor and patience expended on the greatest utilities they enjoy. The invention of the magnetic telegraph cost years of hard labor and privation, but its benefit is incomputable.

Over the towering and untrodden Alps, Hannibal made his road to fame. Though the cliffs are precipitous, though the ice-bound Alpine heights present no resting place for the exhausted climbers, though pitfalls abound on every hand, the fertile plains of Italy lie just beyond.

"Over the Alps lies thine Italy". To each terrestrial traveler the difficult heights are presented. The condition of progress is struggle, effort, honest, hard labor. There are no mountainside table-lands upon which to make an abode. He who does not advance must recede. There are no deep cut tunnels through which to shun the heights. Over the difficulty is the condition of success. When the college graduate remembers that he has only reached the first eminence which leads to more difficult heights; when he remembers that his diploma is only evidence that he has tools with which to chisel his way upward, when he remembers that the cost of a name is not small; he will go forth nerved for the conflict to battle for God and the benefit of his fellow-men.

WHAT PLACE SHALL WE FILL?

CLARA E. HASTINGS.

IT has been truly said, and I believe no one will deny it, that college influence is second only to home influence. Granting this, let us for a moment glance at the institutions which wield these two most powerful influences.

In the home an equal footing is granted to the different members. They grow together, and when they enter college it is upon equal footing. Once within the college walls does a radical change take place in their relationship? The instructors whom our brothers have are our instructors; their studies are those which we pursue, and when we leave our *Alma Mater* there is no one to say we do not know as much as our brothers know.

The liberal education which a college gives does not fit one for any particular calling. It is only "the platform upon which we rear the superstructure." Now this platform is just the same for the boy as for the girl. Why, then, is there so great need of so great difference in the superstructure? Why is it the girl asks, "After college, what next? Why must we advance with fear and trembling where our brothers go with steady tread? Is there any point at which

humanity can stand still, intellectually, socially, mentally, morally? No; we progress or we retrograde. Toward what shall we move?

In 1847 there were only seven occupations which a woman was allowed to enter. Now there are one hundred and fifty. But why are so many avenues still closed to us which are gladly opened for our brothers? You say they are not closed. Well, perhaps not entirely so, but, after grudgingly giving us permission to enter, you place every conceivable obstacle in the path way. Courageous indeed is she who dares to brave public opinion in so far as to surmount these obstacles, and one who scorns the opinion of one's fellow men is in nearly every case scorned by them in return. These then are the conditions upon which we may enter the professions of our brothers. This the encouragement that we receive! When asked what you would have the girl graduate do, you say: "Why, if she must do something let her teach school." Just so. But did it ever occur to you that not every girl is adapted to school teaching, and though she were, that already there are more teachers than schools? Suppose then, that she sits down with folded hands and "waits for the machine that is to carry her to the top of the mountain." She is not strong enough, poor thing, to fight life's battles. "She must find some one to fight them for her." But what condemnation follows this course? And probably this is just condemnation, for it is certainly not right that after being educated and fitted to act

well her part in the busy world she should become a burden to others.

But you say concerning the different learned professions, "this is man's place; she has no right here." Are you sure this is man's place? Because it has been so long yielded to him you may have grown to believe it true. But you cannot say at any fixed point in woman's education, "So far is good, beyond that is bad."

We do not ask—nay, we do not wish,—to take man's place. We only ask to be acknowledged as competent. We wish to enable ourselves to enter into all men's views and thoughts. We wish to live with them as rational beings, as classmates in the school of life. But we hear you say, "Man can do this work better than woman can." Possibly he can now, for the girl has had no opportunity of showing what she can do and how well she can do it. It is unreasonable to suppose she can reach the topmost round of the ladder at the first trial.

Would you bid the canary bird cease its song because its notes are not as sweet as the notes of the nightingale? Would you advise Rosa Bouhem to drop her brush because she is not to become a second Raphael? Would you have us give up in despair because we cannot excel in everything? We have no idea of doing this. But must we continue to work against the obstacles which now impede us, when such a trifling act of yours can remove them? Will you not help us to hasten the day when, as one has said, "We shall see woman, not a dream, not an airy form

haunting the unreal walks of night, to vanish when cock crow recalls us to the cares of household life, the fields of labor, the paths of effort; no, but an enduring, very real, very practical embodiment of the poet's ideal, with new powers and relations, illustrating her harmony in, and fitness for, the world which is purified and sanctified by her presence."

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THE INTOXICATION OF POWER,

J. ERNEST MCAFEE.

THROUGH all time it has been the manifest design of the Creator that government should exist; that power should be exercised. That Benjamin Harrison or Queen Victoria sit where some one ought to sit is as evident as that men ought to mingle together in social relations. The few are to occupy the positions of power while the many are to take the subject's place.

Control over the fortunes and actions of fellow-creatures is a dangerous possession, even for the most virtuous. Power is intoxicating. It is a curious fact in nature that on reaching a great height one is seized with an almost irresistible desire to cast one's self down. A desire equally strong urges the enthu

siast upward to the height, which once reached becomes that of danger. The head becomes dizzy, the mind bewildered, and unless attention can be diverted from the abyss below, the result may prove fatal.

Thus it is that power acts. Desire, whose enormous influence only experience can reveal, tempts the power-seeker to struggle on over innumerable difficulties. It often requires years of toil and waiting, years which seem centuries. At last the position is attained. Can the attention be diverted from thoughts of himself and the height of the position? That is the task for the human mind already dazed. The thought of the distance between his present position and the hole whence he was digged, or, in his own estimation, whence he digged himself, proves far too bewildering for many. Here intoxication begins, the intoxication of power. On such a height there is small latitude and a stagger must bring with it a fall.

The life of a miser is one of continual degeneration. The greed for gain displays itself, at first it may be, in a very unobtrusive form, but the passion is there and years only add fuel to the flame. Strangely analogous is the history of many seeking power, a phantom as fleeting and unstable as the object of the miser's ambition. As time goes on one interest after another is crowded from the mind, all giving way to the ever-increasing desire for power.

The desire for power is progressive. It is the seeker's morning glass which soon multiplies itself into his

every-ten-minute dram. It is the school boy's sled on which he starts down hill, soon to find stopping an impossibility. In its power of deception it is like the famous mirror of which we read. No more beautiful was the homely queen in the mirror than are the prophetic views presented to the eyes of the bedazed power-seeker.

A century ago a marvelously talented young man began to rise to prominence in our government. With a reputation untainted and principles of seeming firmness, he started on his career toward fame and fortune. Success in municipal and commonwealth preferments brought him into greater and greater prominence. At length as a climax to his whole public life, he aspires to the President's chair. His own hopes and those of his friends seem about to be realized. He was almost ready to take his seat. But this was not to be. This all-absorbing desire for power had acted no differently with him than with others. He had exchanged for his power his character and for principle had substituted policy. So when an opponent, in the name of right, steps between him and the object of his desire he finds himself ready for anything that will lead to a gratification of his desire. Aaron Burr challenged and killed Alexander Hamilton when he was drunk, thoroughly intoxicated with his own power. The stagger accompanied the challenge and he fell with his foe, fell from the position to which he could never again rise. Bright prospects had that young man and exceptional abilities, and

when the drunkard reeled all administered to his fall.

Man by nature is selfish. If invested with unlimited power he is by nature a tyrant. Men are the oppressors of men. There is nothing against which society or individuals need so much to be protected as "man's inhumanity to man".

The life of a nation is but the life of many men. The character of the state is but the composite character of the citizens. Individual men rise to positions of power, become haughty, cruel and proud. Nations follow in their footsteps. Mohammed, by conquest the most unjust and deeds the most dastardly and cruel, gained his power, and Moslem Turkey still holds it. Power, like rum, affects different men in different ways. Power makes Turkey cruel and oppressive, unscrupulous of others' rights—eager to grasp everything to herself.

While in history such cases may seem isolated, yet it is sadly true that nations as well as men are daily weakening or falling, overcome by exalted position. By the unambitious the danger can hardly be appreciated. When, after days of toil and nights of dreaming, the goal is reached, and one stands in the position so long desired, and has actually come to a realization of his many dreams, then it is the trial comes. To realize that one has control to a greater or less extent over his fellow-creatures is too dangerous for the majority. The head becomes unsteady in spite of effort to resist. There is no intoxication like the intoxication of power.

He who attains to a position of power is truly in a critical place, and if after years of toil and waiting, with a clear eye and a firm hand he takes up the reins he has indeed run his course well. As great a hero as any who ever fought under the walls of Troy is he. He is the true victor!

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A CONSTITUTIONAL VENTURE.

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G. K. W. MCGEE.
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THE inauguration of George Washington witnessed the final organization of the federal government in the American republic. Our national celebration of this great event has just passed, and as we revert to the two occasions, separated by a century, we can but mark the striking contrast between the light hearted rejoicing of the one and the fearful anxiety of the other. The Constitution was a new venture. The colonies had no authority for its adoption. They were acting upon no precedent whatever, but were going forward amidst innumerable predictions of failure. The principle involved was one entirely new to statecraft. It was the anomaly of the age, an experiment of portentous moment. Proceeding from

needs and demands felt only then, it could look but to the future for sanction. What the verdict of that future has been is a matter of history.

A constitution is the fundamental law of a nation. Giving expression to all its enactments it must at all times be the tribunal of ultimate appeal. To it, therefore, must be attributed the success or failure of the administration system it subserves. To prove the stability of this organic law every system must face two crucial tests. There are two phases of national life and each must give its sanction to a civic polity before its final establishment. Peace and conflict are widely different. The needs of the one are not the needs of the other. Only as a government meets the demands of both can it be pronounced successful.

It is 1860. For seventy years the young republic has met every emergency and prospered. But now civil dissention is rife in the land. A long disputed question has been carried from the forum to the field and two vast sections are testing its merits by the stern logic of battle. Involved in the issue is the existence or destruction of the nation. Which shall it be? For a time there could be no answer. From out the clouds of battle no gleam of hope arose. Destruction seemed inevitable. But when at last the smoke of conflict lifted, the sun of peace shown not upon a nation dissevered and broken, but upon a Union intact, inviolate. Far from overthrowing American Constitutional government, four years of civil strife had shown its stability, strength and the wisdom of

its principles, while the nations of the world looked on and wondered.

But the real test of a constitution lies in its ability to provide for prosperous growth. Convulsions are but preparations. They are the results of social error and are spasmodic attempts of the body politic to uproot defects in its organism. Their mission once fulfilled, the quiet that follows must reap the benefits of their existence.

The unparalleled growth of the Union, constantly giving rise to new wants and exigencies, causes us to grow serious and ponder, as we take a backward glance, whether the foundations of government were laid sufficiently wide and deep to meet the pressure of subsequent development. What met the demands of thirteen colonies of like views and interests in 1789 must be entirely inadequate to the wants of forty-two states a century later. The logic of government is rarely carried out and the complication of our administrative system makes the problem of equitable legislation doubly troublous to us.

The constitution extends to all. religious tolerance. Liberty of conscience, freedom to think and act in all such matters are express provisions. But the constitution found expression in the demands of a Christian civilization, at a time when the body politic was not defaced by cancerous growths that threaten to extend their roots of corruption throughout its entire frame. Today, Mormomism with its subjection to a priesthood, and Romanism with its servility to the Pope stand

awful menaces to the government. Both claim the protection of its neutral policy, yet each seeks union of church and state. Aggressive, the church of Mormon exerts a mighty influence upon the plastic West, the coming centre of power in the Union. Insidious, treacherous, the church of Rome sways the foreign masses that daily surge inward. Both strike directly at our institutions and each hopes for final triumph. Legislation is powerless to check their advance, neutrality forbids all interference, and religious tolerance has become a weapon used by the enemies of the government for its destruction.

In the "immigration problem" lurks another evil that threatens the national security. The social unrests of other nations are mighty repellent forces. Peace, plenty and an offer of political and religious liberty in our own land are strong attractive features. Co-operating these influences are a fruitful cause of immigration. An enormous tide of humanity daily reaches our shores. But ignorant, largely idle and with ideas inconsistent with popular government, they exert a pernicious influence, and when we consider that the power of the government lies in the ballot, that whatever corrupts it strikes at the very root of its institutions, we recognize our danger. Native citizens are growing anxious, aye, solicitous as they watch the off-scourings of all nations pouring into the land and see the influence hourly exercised by the Irish, German and kindred votes. But with the danger so imminent, reform is slow and difficult. For-

bearance in the past has given rise to serious complications. What might, in the beginning, have been easily accomplished, perplexes, to-day, the best minds of the country. After the lapse of a hundred years, in coping with this giant evil, the attempts of statesmen are weak.

The perpetuity of the government depends upon the intelligence of its citizens. The power of the ballot extends to all and is wielded with equal force by the enlightened and unlettered. Education of the masses is essential to the existence of our republic. Ten million freedmen and a large foreign element now wield enormous power and where ignorance prevails right government must cease. The Constitution made no direct provision for the education of the common people nor enforced it upon the states. To-day the need of such provision is imperative and everywhere apparent.

These and other evils have proved menaces to our country. But by the adaptability of the Constitution they have largely been averted and the inauguration of civil and political reforms promises the realization of yet loftier attainment. A century has done much to test our system and reveal its weakness as well as its strength. Its faults, however, pale into insignificance in the light of its greatness. No national polity bears greater good, bestows higher privileges or imposes lighter burdens. Security to life and property could hardly be greater, taxation is at its minimum, there is "freedom of speech and press", while politi

cal and religious liberty are the watchwords of the nation. Can we wonder that America is the "asylum for the down-trodden and oppressed of every clime"?

The hope of the republic is in the loyalty of the people. Its strength is in their hearts. Enshrined by a love of liberty its preservation is assured. The rapid growth of a century, that has caused the world to wonder, may be taken as a sure prophecy of what is yet to follow and today the "star of empire" standing directly over our Columbia, proclaims to all the nations of the earth that "America holds the future".

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ENGLAND'S QUAKER ORATOR.

FRED. W. McCLUSKY.

HE is dead. One of the latest representatives of a group of orators and statesmen, who have made the Victorian era famous, has passed away. Mr. Gladstone only remains in the first rank of English celebrities in this generation to appropriately pronounce a eulogy on one of England's most manly men,—his colleague and friend, John Bright. Mr. Bright was a typical Englishman. He was not only typical, but unique. With the blood of generations of Noncom-

formists and Quakers coursing thro his veins, his rugged and active boyhood days established the foundation of that character which exerts such an influence on the world to-day. His whole body spoke his very life. His broad shoulders, the solid massiveness of his masterful individuality, the uprightness of bearing, the head and body closely knit—altogether made the observer perceive that “here was one in whose armor the flaws were few.”

Mr. Bright was an ideal English orator. He had a commanding presence, a large head and figure and a voice that was powerful, resonant, and clear. His style was pure almost to austerity. Passion never mastered it and its superb self-restraint was never subdued. Scarcity of a commodity always gives it value. His speeches were never frequent. He understood that great efforts must be made at long intervals. While Chatham was majestic, Burke luxuriant, Brougham elaborate, there is nothing in all literature more admirable than the august simplicity of John Bright. And as a statesman, whether in public or private life, whether in intercourse with prince or peasant, this distinguishing characteristic coupled with his great sincerity, gives the key to his ennobling and enduring character. The English press says of him without stint, that “he was perhaps the only English statesman of the first rank in public life whose honesty, whose single mindedness, whose rigorous conception of duty, whose sincerity and entire devotion to interests other than his own or his

party's, have never once been questioned amid all the conflicts of a stormy political life." He was a man of peace and always in arms to prevent you from going to war. Take the bombardment of Alexandria. When his renunciation of that battle and his position on the Egyptian question meant to break with Mr. Gladstone, to whom he was united by almost life-long ties, his fidelity to his convictions becomes apparent in the following words: "I have borne witness against war all my life long. I abhor it. My legacy to my children is a message of peace. Do you think, do you think at my age I am going to be false to all my principles, to go back on all my record, to retract all I have said, to sanction such an act as this, to leave my children a heritage of shame and disgrace, to leave behind me for them that their father was a traitor and a renegade? Never!"

While peace was part of his being, his patriotism was none the less ardent. While England bows reverently in the simple cemetery at Rochdale, America's tribute should not be forgotten. A believer in the enfranchisement of slaves and the development of free institutions, his great powers were exerted with tremendous effect against the popular pro-slavery element in the mother country during our great Civil War. Never was his courage so severely tested, never was the minority more intensely hated. Our gratitude cannot now repay the debt which, as a nation, we then incurred. Living, his reception would have been our greatest

delight. Dead, our homage cannot be too publicly or solemnly pronounced. Simple in life, he is still less pretentious in death. The grassy mound at Rochdale may preach the "Quaker orator's noble life" with greater impressiveness than Westminster Abbey with its sculptured bronze and marble, where are entombed the kings, statesmen, poets and heroes of England's centuries gone by. A champion of liberty, democracy, peace and universal brotherhood lies buried there, and the trees will bend lovingly over the grave of one whose life is consciously complete and whose friends and foes unite in exaltation of a God-fearing statesman, orator and man.

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POLITICAL RECTITUDE.

M. H. McLEOD.

POLITICAL rectitude is not as common-place a term as political corruption. The mere mention of the one, on a superficial view, seems to border on the idealistic and theoretical; the other is familiarized by its frequent appearance on the pages of all ancient and modern histories. The Roman moralist saw "no friendship or faith held sacred in public affairs;" the

Greek poet sang of the moral degeneracy of his day; and the pessimist of our own worthier generation but echoes their sad refrain.

Notwithstanding the antiquity and persistent vitality of this cry, our position today is not erratic in maintaining the negative. Indeed we may well doubt if the history of any age of the world ever justified this dictum. From the time of that metamorphosis which changed the garden of Eden into a wilderness, to that day that shall again cause the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, this world has been and will be a continuous scene of transformation: and of all the phases of transformation through which it has passed, development—development of theories, development of principles, development of morals, as well as development in the sciences, and arts—is the idea which has received more emphasis than any other. Now, when this is strikingly true of the present century, may we not seriously question the appropriateness of an undue depreciation of the morality of our people, our politics and our country? The advocates of these principles have their eyes open to every visible form of public cupidity and see nothing but utter destitution of probity and good faith. Distance lends enchantment to their views of the glories of the past, and they readily give credence to the belief that times are gradually growing worse, that political morality is deteriorating and that even the human race itself is degenerated. Every honest man who seriously gives heed to the signs of the times may

justly accuse them of an oversight in the very first steps of their investigation.

The standard of moral power in our day is higher, nobler, purer than ever before. Our public press is a living attestation to this fact. No comparison can be more favorable than that of its present moral tone to its vulgarity and venality at the beginning of the century. Since the infancy of our republic public sentiment has so elevated itself that it no longer breathes the Shibboleth, "Right or wrong, our party still our party." So permeated with genuine righteousness has it been since the days of Jefferson that we need never more fear to see an unbeliever at the head of our government. In the days of our forefathers thwarted politicians had recourse to that relic of barbarism—dueling; now even bitter invectives draw the anathemas of the public. Then faction, favor and interest had the disposal of all dignity and confidence; now this has given place to the higher reforms of our day. Compare the discourtesy of John Quincy Adams who left the Capital on inauguration day rather than have anything to do with his successor, with the courtesousness of Grover Cleveland, who made the President-elect his guest at the dinner table and on inauguration day invited him and his wife to lunch. Or still more general, and within the memory of us all, the characteristics of the campaigns of 1884 and 1888, and who can have the bold effrontery to say that public morality, political rectitude, or national uprighteousness is deteriorating?

These incidents alone show our advancement, and their multiplicity makes us oblivious of them. The glow of a taper shows bright amid general darkness but the strongest electric light pales before the noon-day glare. Other facts confirm our views. The fact that we stand today at the head of the roll-call of nations is an unimpeachable attestation of our growth in political rectitude. It is self-evident that nothing less than a corresponding increase in our moral power has maintained the republic against a constantly increasing influx of moral evils from abroad. Had not our national uprightness advanced with accelerated strides, our country would long ago have suffered those evils consequent on national demoralization. Turkey, Spain and other once renowned countries can attest to the immutability of the laws of nature. Had the United States for a hundred years trod the path of downward tendency it would be in the category of those that were but are not.

National uprightness is in the van though the line of march may sometimes have taken a zig-zag course. Looking back, we may indeed find epochs over which one would fain throw the mantle of oblivion. The decade preceding the civil war experienced a serious degeneracy, and it was only because of such a degeneracy that the war was possible. The inexorable laws of nature demanded retribution at our hand. The evil remedied our character and our influence shone forth with a lustre never afterwards to be dimmed by relapsing into similar errors.

Since the cry of the pessimist is futile in the face of all arguments, and shown to be wholly erroneous, it may not be amiss to consider the cause of this ancient belief. Much of it arises from the fact that we feel and see present evils, but not those which belong to the past. A sense of present dissatisfaction causes us to magnify past virtues. There is also in us an inherent inclination to venerate the memory of the times and customs of our fathers. The feeling of discomfort and depreciation manifested by the moralists is much akin to that experienced by people in their old age when men and things around them change.

As men, as citizens, we are bound to take more than a superficial view—bound to acquaint ourselves with our true ethical relation to political rectitude. It is the vital principle of our government. The very salvation of our country depends upon its moral power. And we have every reason for confidence. From that day when “we, the people of the United States” appealed to God for the “rectitude of our cause” to this present hour the progress of political uprightness has been one of our national characteristics. Progress is easier than commencement. Of future advancement we have every assurance. Henceforth, public morality, political rectitude and national uprightness shall go on hand in hand until we shall be in full possession of that perfect righteousness that exalteth a nation.

SAVONAROLA.

SYLVIA McQUITTY.

"**R**ESTORE the liberties of Florence." This was what Savonarola, the man of integrity and independence even by the side of a royal deathbed, demanded of Lorenzo the Great. These words were spoken in the city of Florence about the time Columbus brought to the Old world the fact of the New. For ten centuries an ecclesiastical institution had been growing so like to that of Rome that by the fifteenth century it had densely clouded the intellect and conscience of mankind. The effect of its tyranny was to deaden man's hopes, aspirations and all progressive thought.

The people of Florence were on the verge of moral destruction when Savonarola, the hero martyr of liberty, sounded the note of reformation. He comes to them from amidst influences that seem to give him a singular fitness for this work of emancipation. From his earliest years he seemed to grasp the greatness of the responsibility that comes with life. Such was his mental development that he seemed to have grown to manhood ere his boyhood was passed. So closely did he walk with his Maker that from Him he imbibes the conception of the grandeur of the human soul. The consciousness of this value in man for

which Heaven thought enough to give a dying Christ, this it was that brought the renaissance of thought and act into the life of the human race. It is the realization of this thought that brings out the reformer in every age. The integrity in the heart of this boy forbids his approval when he observes the glittering golden pageants of the great ducal festivals, for he knows that this booty has been gathered by the robbery of widows and orphans. While in the monastery in Bologna, he devoted his best energies to the study of Thomas Aquinas, or the force of religion, and to Aristotle, or the force of reason—two essentials to the genuine reformer.

Now, the times demand a preacher, one who will be more than a dealer in texts, more than a mere ritualist. There is need of a man "so radical that he will be a conservative of all that is worth conserving". Savonarola is the preacher whose need is felt; a poet, feeling the matchless rhythm of the universe; a prophet, as every true preacher is; his heart bursting out with the glory of the living God, his power is irresistible. But not for those of Lorenzo's court is this eloquence; they are too much engrossed in amassing wealth to notice the signs of the times. Lorenzo and his brilliant, but fearful money making schemes are fully known to Savonarola, and he also realizes that the church and state are matched in corruption.

The audiences which throng to hear him have become so vast that at last he enters the greatest cathedral. Under its mighty dome, Savonarola, sure of

himself and God, fulminates against the abuses of the times. He even dares to attack the vices of Lorenzo and of the church. The Duke perceiving his growing power and influence decides that he must get Savonarola under his "hand of policy," but all his efforts in this line prove futile.

But the hour comes, when the dying Lorenzo summons this preacher to his bedside,—the one man who had been brave enough to reprove him. Hearing of his fearful condition Savonarola hastens to him. Lorenzo accepted Christ and promised to restore the ill-gotten gains; but Savonarola, the lover of freedom, was a statesman as well priest, and he then demanded that Lorenzo "restore the liberties of Florence." The dying prince scornfully turns away his face and died without absolution. Piero de Medici, his son, succeeded him.

And now, news comes that Charles VIII. of France is coming over against the land of Michael Angelo and Dante. Piero, with no statecraft, gives up all resistance. All at once the raging Florentines seem to be possessed with just one thought, and that, that they hate the Medici and want a republic. The day is come for a strong hand; where is it? A tempest comes from the North in Charles VIII.; another rages here in Florence. Who is the man for the moment? Girolamo Savonarola, the priest, becomes the ruler of the hour. With one hand upon those citizens, and the other upon the French King, with sermons grand and deep in the radicalism, which teaches the "democ-

racy of Christ and the righteousness of the Son of God," with this power the city is held for the moment and so perfectly is the control sustained that Charles VIII enters Florence a visitor, without a drop of blood having been shed.

This was in 1494 when Savonarola met the revolution of the Dark Ages. There he stood with no political influence save that of uprightness, genius and the power of a great idea and demanded a "universal government". He believed all men to be equal because Christ died for all. But this growing power of republicanism has aroused the Pope of Rome. Several times he summoned Savonarola to him, but failing in his attempts to get him to Rome he at last sends to him the cardinal's red cap. One of the grandest hours in the history of liberty is when that dauntless champion of freedom sent back this reply, "Tell the Pope that I will have no red cap, but a red hat dyed in my blood, the red hat of martyrdom." Amidst the crackling of fagots the bishop pronounces the words of excommunication, "Thee I now separate from the church militant and from the church triumphant." Savonarola speaks from his throne of flame, "church militant, yes, church triumphant, 'tis not yours to do."

ÆGEAN WRITERS.

JEANIE M. MCRUER.

AMONG the beautiful islands that arise from the blue waters of the Ægean, we find those of Patmos and Scio. Beside the beauty and grandeur, with which nature has endowed these islands, there clings to them the charm of historical and poetical associations.

Who is not acquainted with the history of the life passed on the lonely island of Patmos? And as the waves dash high on the rocks of Scio, they rebound and find a ready response as did the waves of centuries ago, in the long, resounding lines of Homer. History tells us that on the isle of Scio, Homer wrote the Iliad, and the Bible tells us that John was exiled to Patmos. From this lone isle comes the Revelation, that sweet message from the Prince of Peace. From Scio comes that majestic Iliad that tells of wars and superstitions, when Greeks met Trojans in deadly combat until the very ground was bathed in human blood; for the goddess was called to "sing the wrath of Peleus' son, Achilles."

Shall it seem irreverent to draw comparison between the Revelation and the Iliad, or even dare to place any compositions, although it be one of the greatest master-pieces of genius, with what we know

to be inspired? Yet daily do learned men say that our sacred books are inferior, that the Greek poets were deserving of far more honor than the Hebrew prophets, that the voice from Scio spoke in sweeter tones than the voice from Patmos, that no book ever wrought a stronger influence on human life than the *Iliad*. We admit its strange charms and even at this distant age lives are passed in preparing new editions and discovering new beauties in its magnificent verse. But have not lives been spent too in the study of that unfathomable mystery—the Revelation? Was it the *Iliad* that moulded the lives of such men as Calvin, Knox and Luther?

In the very beginning of the holy book we are brought into the presence of the One who is King. "Behold he cometh with the clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him." And while the blind Homer walked the shore listening to the sound of the angry waves, the inward ears caught every chord of the wondrous harmony of the rolling waters. But the sweet voice could not be heard above this tossing saying, Peace be still, for the soul of the blind poet was as blind as his eyes, and he chanted his song to the gods that ruled the deep. While John of Patmos hears the calm clear voice saying, "Fear not, I am with thee." Is not the *Iliad* a noble farce in which Gods from Olympus and kings of earth have for ages skillfully played their parts; does it not pass before us as a mighty tableau, whose figures are but phantoms? Can we find any stamp of

reality that is so wonderfully brought in the Revelation? For the latter is not an idle story but the experience of those who have lived and died, those of whom the angel said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." What host composes the heavenly chorus but those who have been redeemed from the earth!

Do we not find that the Iliad owes its impressions to the creeping terror which it inspires, as if the gods were following hard on the track of crime. But could any coming punishment be equal to that in which the angel was commanded to reap for the harvest is ripe, and to cast the vine of the earth into the wine press of God's wrath? And is the master poem even from the "prince of poets" still grand when the heavenly band sings the song of Moses and the Lamb? Mighty is that poem that has made the name of Homer immortal, but far more wonderful and mysterious is that heavenly message telling us that life is something more than a song. And when the angel that stands with one foot on the land and one on the sea, shall declare time to be no more, the mysteries of the book will be unrolled, for the Lamb has prevailed to open the seven seals.

And the beautiful book closes not like the paltry Ilian story, not with sad voices rending the air, weeping for fallen heroes, when the dirge is echoed and reechoed and the days are clouded. But it closes giving us a vision of our own future home where the

same Lord that was so dear to the lone exile of Patmos is the King, and the beautiful river flowing out of the throne of God! A heavenly chorus—how sweet, how wonderful their song, as it floats through the heavenly gates bidding you and me welcome, “for the Spirit and the Bride say, come.”

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THE COST OF DISTINCTION.

IDA MAY MUIR.

A DESIRE for distinction is natural to man. He is continually pressing toward something higher than he has ever attained. There are few who have never been actuated by a spirit of competition. Strengthened by hope and expectation, this spirit becomes the great motive power which keeps the world in action. Did not this natural rivalry exist among men, little progress would be made in the world, little advancement in science, literature or art. Many have excellent opportunities and brilliant prospects, yet few rise to eminence. Is it because they are unwilling to devote themselves to long years of labor and hardship? Greatness is attained only by persevering industry. “’Tis hardship, toil; ’tis sleep-

less nights, and never resting days; 'tis pain; 'tis danger; 'tis affronted death; 'tis equal fate for all, and clanging tortures which rear the mind to glory, that inspire the noblest virtues and the gentlest manners."

All the men of great genius of whom we read were energetic workers. Mozart, who poured his soul out mid such abundant melodies, declared "work is my chief pleasure." Raphael, so admired and envied as the prince of painters, did not allow his brush to hesitate. Of his many famous paintings, his last production was the grandest and most beautiful. Michael Angelo devoted nineteen years to the task of completing the church of St. Peter. "Those of temples old or altars new stand alone with nothing like them worthiest of God, the holy and the true." There are others, though not endowed with such exceptional genius, who have risen to eminence through their perseverance, application and industry. It has been said of Disraeli that he reached success only through a succession of failures. His earlier productions were ridiculed and condemned, and although mortified at his failures, he only grew more determined to succeed, and at last he attained the fame so diligently and earnestly sought after. The celebrated missionary David Livingstone encountered numerous difficulties during his early years, and when he reached manhood he attributed to the discipline of those days of hardship all his success. Bacon, Howard, Johnson, Washington and Garfield devoted their wisdom, time and energies for the good

of their fellow-men and by their labor they have won lasting renown.

Whatever aptitude for peculiar pursuits nature bestows upon her children, she conducts to honor and distinction none but the studious and industrious. Those who win golden laurels and whom nations delight to praise are the defenders of right and truth, the active, virtuous and temperate. Some fool-hardy adventure or inhuman deed may render one notorious, but only true worth and noble achievement can secure lasting renown.

Right and virtue must prevail. Better is it to remain forever unknown than for empty notoriety to sacrifice all that is true, manly and good. The names that shine brightest on the pages of history and are dearest to the human heart are of those who by untiring effort have climbed the ladder of success and whose achievements have been a rich heritage to mankind.

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THE TYPICAL WARRIOR.

AGNES LEE REED.

THERE are oft in the realms of fiction
 Pure blossoms like violets low,
 Too fragile for life's stern affliction
 They decline in the wild storm's blow.

But found on the scroll of history,
From the grand old dominion state,
There's a name with no cloud or mystery,
Save the frown of an orphan's fate.

No deed or romance of this brave son
Gives color and charm to his youth,
But mellowed like that of Washington,
It glows with the halo of truth.

A studious mind, with purpose real,
In class he was thorough tho slow;
O'er latent power triumphed worthy zeal
And aversion for sham and show.

No wondrous Aladdin lamp e'er shone
Freely shedding its golden lore;
For science her secrets would keep alone,
And dearly she prizes her store.

But mighty genius, the lever strong,
'Gainst caste, custom and pride or birth,
Can make us list to the ploughman's song,
Or value man's intrinsic worth.

Dark and lowering the threat'ning cloud—
Our country was shrouded in night,
When Jackson to war's stern mandate bowed,
Confident that his cause was right.

The laurel of victory his crown
From battle's awful shot and fire,
Where he, the "Stonewall" of war's renown
Was undaunted through conflict dire.

O'er snow-capped hill and rocky glen,
Banks treacherous, icy and steep,
He led those hungering suffering men
'Cross Alpine trials, through rivers deep.

Falcon-eyed as he swept along,
What could the whirlwinds course e'er stay,
Swift as the rock of the legend's song
An invincible bird of prey.

In open attack, or peril'd wood,
His brigade was the army's van;
Their leader—this type of man-hood
On its noblest and greatest plan.

Of Spartan courage and iron will
A Leonidas to die, not fail,
That southern pass in defending still,
Thermopylæ, his own dear vale.

Who knew him loved him most and best,
Magnanimous, gentle and grand,
All promptly heeded his last request,
Waiting not that he might command.

His slaves with prophecy would declare,
When their "massa" had plann'd for fight,
Noting how oft he had knelt in pray'r
In the still hours of sombre night.

Ere the blight of dark war's cruel face,
And destructive, blood-stained hand,
How oft with love at the throne of grace,
He had plead for this sable band!

And oft on the holy Sabbath day
He had taught them the way of life,
Ere the angel, Peace, had turned away
From the terrible scene of strife.

Said the noble Lee, with eyes grown dim,
When came the tidings of Jackson's harm,
As the sense of the loss swept o'er him,
"Lost has the South her strong right arm."

For reverent Jackson's faith and prayer
Moved the arm of Omnipotence.
More real to him than refreshing air
This tower of refuge and defence.

Meekly departed this earnest life,
Calm, tearless, but tender and kind,
Grieving only o'er the chaos and strife
For those who must linger behind.

Great in peace and on battle-field,
But in death more heroic still;
A Christian who could sweetly yield
Resignation to God's great will.

Where flowers their sweet fragrance blended,
A mourning South laid him to rest,
Enrapt in the flag he'd defended,
With the honor of all the great blest.

O closed is the war forever,
Does the thought mar our nation's bliss,
That time has served only to sever
The wide breach of our love's abyss.

Could Cutius the yawning chasm fill,
In the day of tradition's lore,
Our Jackson's virtues should closer still
Bind the Union from shore to shore.

The northern lily, so cold to woes,
Droops her haughty head low and weeps
Before the tomb of this southern rose,
Where the flower of chivalry sleeps.

O benevolent, blue-eyed Jackson,
Of the lofty, majestic brow,
Rare among either Greek or Saxon
Are thy peers, or thine equals now!

The Coliseum, the pride of Rome,
Flings its bold defiance at time;
Firmly built from corner stone to dome,
Austere, stately, erect, sublime;

So thou, our typical warrior bold,
Has character's beams reared high,
While age after age thy name will hold
With those destined never to die!

Bright through dark night of a cause long lost
This Virginian star shines still,
With gleams that purchase distinction's cost,
A city on some high hill.

Long since in that haven celestial
He has Lincoln greeted with love;
Forgotten is war terrestrial
In that harmony glad above.

GOD REVEALED IN HIS WORKS.

FRANCIS RUNDUS.

GOD spake, and this vast universe was ushered into existence. We may read the account of this great creation in the unmistakable language of nature, as God himself recorded it in the earth and sky. Let us follow the footsteps of our Great Teacher with reverent awe, and think his thoughts after Him. The infinite immensity of God's work is only a faint shadow of his character. We know a man by his works; as the faculties of man need a constant occupation, so the divine attributes sought expression in the work of creation and preservation. God's power called forth the universe with all its forces; His wisdom planned the wonderful mechanism of creation; His faculties of art and beauty made the lovely rainbow, the delicate flower and all the beauties of nature. But in all creation nothing responded to his great heart of love, and so "God made man after his own image."

Science leads us to presume, that before this universe was created, all substance existed in the form of a nebulous mass of gaseous matter. The divine will was the evolutionary force which developed the world from a nebulous mass, through successive cosmical states, to its present condition. We see

only a glimpse of the numerous forces at work in the universe, but all these different phenomena are only different manifestations of the one controlling energy.

This divine force finds a physical expression in the form of gravity and molecular attraction, giving location and shape to all things. A still higher grade of force is the vital energy, which is manifested in the vegetable and animal life, giving growth and form to existence. Above this there is a higher energy still—the nervous force which controls the locomotive powers of animals. The mental faculty which is a characteristic of man, is a power which enables us to pass rapidly through the heavens to systems of stars so distant that their light must travel a million years before it can reach our earth. By means of the spectroscope, the mind can analyze the distant nebulae; and by the use of the telescope, can penetrate beyond the galaxy; so that we may presume other galaxies exist in the infinite space beyond. Above all these forces is the spiritual power, by which a man is born into a new world, infinitely more glorious than our earthly habitation.

Although the mind cannot penetrate beyond the spiritual, yet we may presume that millions of higher forces are at work beyond our knowledge. Higher orders of beings may exist, with locomotive powers of a higher degree, traveling with a rapidity beyond our comprehension. We are at present in the middle link of an endless chain, extending into infinity on either side. On one hand is the inferiority cul-

minating in the atom,—a miniature infinity, with qualities unknown and unknowable, embracing hidden worlds of wonder. On the other hand is the spiritual world, enshrouded in transcendent glory, inhabited by beings of a higher order and different bodily construction. Paul was “caught up to the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words not possible for man to utter.” That which we know is only a link in the infinite chain. God’s powers are unlimited. He can analyze the minute atom, and fathom its mysterious depths; He can control the universe, and govern the spiritual forces which shape the destiny of men.

Not only is God infinitely powerful, but he is infinitely wise. He is the author of all the sciences; and the source of all knowledge. He planned the architecture of the earth and its creation.

But this universe may be only one department of the great workshop of the divine mind. Millions of worlds, more wonderful than our own, may now be in process of making. God’s inventive powers are never exhausted; he is always something new, the like of which never existed. No two creatures are alike; no leaf was ever made like any other. God never repeats; when He destroys a thing, He never restores it to existence again. There is a distinct plan for every life; every creature has its own peculiar qualities. God’s bounty and care provides nourishment, and protects all creatures; He even guides the flight of a little bird.

God is a god of progress; one thing is destroyed only to make way for something better. Every age is followed by a better age. There is no limit to progress; a million years from the present, creation will still be advancing with rapid strides to perfection. But creation can not in itself get perfect; an infinite variety could not make creation complete. Something is always lacking: but present imperfection implies perfection somewhere. God alone can supply this want; he is the perfect fulness of all things. In him every pain finds relief: every sorrow, comfort: every need, a supply. The fact that something is wanting, implies that something must exist to relieve that want: for how could we desire that which is not.

The unity of Divinity is seen in the great plan which is a shadow of him who made it, and which plainly shows that he is one God. Every thing is only a part of the one great structure which is in building through all eternity. The fact that all things are harmonized into one brotherhood, and that all forces work together under one law is the evidence of one ruling hand.

The history of this world and its life is only the fulfilment of a plan which was laid before the universe was created. Every age bears prophetic marks of a better age to come. Great preparations were made for every new form of life, and all these preparations culminated in a paradise prepared for the coming of man.

God never changes his plans: nothing happens at random; but all was decreed from the beginning

And so from the broad heavens above, and from the vaulted treasures of the earth, we may read, that God is infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his goodness.

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BRIDGING THE GULF.

LUTHER M. SCROGGS.

OVER an abyss of three hundred feet, in the State of Virginia, there exists a Natural Bridge. Upon it thousands pass from side to side of the mighty chasm. It is a marvelous freak of nature. There is a gulf which nature has not made and for which she has furnished no bridge.

From one side comes the sneer, "The Bible does not harmonize with the latest scientific discovery—so much the worse for the Bible." The reply is echoed back, "The statements and results of science do not harmonize with the Bible—so much the worse for science." All truth must ever be in harmony. Between true science and genuine religion rupture is impossible, but dogmatic assumptions pass for religious opinions, and crude speculations are brought to the altar of learning and christened science, and so

separation begins. The schism does not seem great, but religion dogmatizes and distrusts, science speculates and sneers and so the gulf is widened.

A great chasm had opened in a public place in ancient Rome. Vast heaps of rubbish are thrown into it. The sooth sayers declared that it will never be filled until the most precious thing in Rome has been sacrificed. The gallant Curtius deeming the bravery of the Roman youth most precious, rode full-armed into the yawning fissure, and it closed at once.

Such a sacrifice is touching and poetic, but it will not fill the gulf between science and religion. Hackneyed maxims and pious saws will not avail. If the deluded Christian casts himself into the abyss he will find to his terrible cost that the story of Curtius is only a myth.

Napoleon's cuirassiers are making a desperate charge on the field of Waterloo. Unseen across their path lies the sunken road of Ohain. Rank after rank plunges into the fatal ditch. Few survive the deathly ride, but what a bridge was theirs! May the chasm between science and religion never be thus filled.

Another bridge must span this gulf. The materials of the bridge must be well hewn and thoroughly tested—granite facts of science and religion's Parian marble—religious truths which can be scientifically demonstrated, and scientific truths which religion does not dispute. Science demonstrates a great First Cause. Religion says, "In the beginning God—" Science acknowledges the reign of law. Religion

bows in humility and love to the Great Lawgiver. Science says that nature punishes all violations of her laws. Religion declares that God will punish all transgression.

Perfect honesty is absolutely essential to the successful builder. To find out "whether these things are so" requires Berean fairness and diligent search. What has religion gained from science? Religious reverence has been deepened and made more real. If there was one David who could say, "The heavens declare the glory of God," there are many today who can look upward in devout reverence and say with Kepler, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after thee."

Science has taught religion to reason by the inductive method. It has removed her burden of superstition. Analogical science has almost demonstrated that there is a spiritual law in the natural world.

It has made religion more practical and humble. The old school-men would discuss for days, "How many angels can stand upon the point of a needle?" The religious world today is asking, "How many men can we penetrate with the Gospel?" Dogmatic popes once attained infallibility by a simple *ipse dixit*, but childlike confessions of ignorance have characterized the princes of science. Science has taught religion more devotion to truth for its own sake. Religion has learned not to cling to doctrines merely because they are useful or rather she is learning that only truth can be useful.

But has science gained nothing from religion?

The revival of learning began in a Christian country. Christianity and culture have always gone hand in hand. The narrow path of righteousness has been widened into "the royal road of learning." Men like Agassiz and Herschel and Winchell have seen most clearly through nature for they have been through to nature's God. A skeptical Fichte is compelled to admit that, "We and our whole age are rooted in the soil of Christianity and have sprung from it." It has exercised its influence in the most manifold ways upon our culture, and we should be absolutely nothing of all that we are, if this mighty principle had not preceded us." It is Christianity alone which has solved the dark problem of life with its "warp and woof of mystery and death."

The gains have been mutual. Religion has been the conservator of science—science the hand-maid of religion. Each has corrected the other, but still much remains to be chiseled away. Religion must lose her suspicion of science. Science must cease to sneer at religion. But can they ever be reconciled? What bond can join the natural to the supernatural? Religious thinkers and devout scientists with one voice reply, "The Bible."

The old Bible of the Reformation: proof against anathema and fagot: what "sweetness and light"! what wonderful power! Fossilized? 'Twill be all the stronger for that. Unchain the ponderous tomb. The stone which the builders rejected shall be the key-stone of the arch.

The gulf has its bridge,—the thoroughfare of science,—the high-way of Holiness.

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THE MIDDLE AGES; HILDEBRAND OF THE VATICAN.

HARVEY M. SHIELDS.

HISTORY has its epochs. None is more interesting to the student than that called the “Middle Ages.” None is more obscure. From the creation master minds had marked the flight of time. Cæsar came, a shining comet, waiting the years of Him who holds man’s destiny in hand; there had not failed those who traced his orbit.

The Star of Bethlehem arose, heralding the approach of the King of Nations, and inspired astronomers had watched to record the phenomena. But there came a time when, only from an occasional rift in the darkness, could the historian see to use his pen. The ancient city of the Hebrews was sacked. The fathers of Christendom went out upon the hill-tops, and, peering through the smoke of her ruin, saw a cloud like the hand of man, spreading for a storm of human shame and national crime. There had been a long burst of light. Rome had risen and her conquests

had spread a kind of civilization. But her day gave place to greater darkness. Providence had decreed that the dawn of these latter centuries should follow the darkest hour; that the night-time of the Middle Ages should precede a day of triumph for Christian civilization.

With unslaked curiosity we look into the unknown of the Middle Ages. Few lights illumine the shadow. Yonder is Mohammed with sickly pallor reflecting horrible woes of ruined myriads. Yonder Charlemagne, reclaiming for a time the failing powers of civilization, builds an empire, in purity of policy and legislation, surpassing the administration of Rome. But when the great mind ceased to work at its Creator's bidding, this body politic fell into decay.

And there were other forces at work, whose loss would have been more disastrous. Had it not been for Saint Anselm fearlessly inculcating the Mediæval Theology; had it not been for Saint Bernard, together with the reclaiming influence of monachism hitherto uncorrupted; had it not been for Aquinas, with the prevailing scholastic philosophy, fine of fabric though it was; had it not been for Thomas a'Becket, clothed with almost unlimited prelatical power; had it not been for the feudal system, elevating woman to a position recognized, woman without whom in her place of honor, every age is and must be a howling pandemonium; had it not been for the crusades reviving yet blasting the very flower of the populace; had it not been for William of Wykeham,

preserving somewhat of the old spirit by awakening an interest in architecture; had it not been for John Wycliff, "the morning star of the Reformation," rising from the darkness; had it not been for these agents and agencies, the gloom of the Middle Ages had been Egyptian night.

But there was another more potent than these combined. It was for Charlemagne to check Moslem fury when it came. He met army with army. But when in the corruption of people and clergy, state and church, it was necessary that spiritual power should clash invisible weapons with temporal rule, another man was at his post of duty: that man, yea, more than man, was Hildebrand of the Vatican. He saw the structure of European policy rotting in plank and pillar. He must remove the cause. It was an enormous task. He was not original and saw his weakness. But he was strong of character and knew it. He faced the issue with eye unquailing.

Henry the Fourth, of Germany, was the greatest prince of Europe. If he were made to feel the Church's power, the victory is won. Temporal will be suppliant at the feet of spiritual power. He stood to count the cost. He looked into the halls of coming time and saw nations gathering in peace and happiness, all depending on the discharge of his duty.

Hildebrand felt the future of Europe weighing upon his shoulders.

The lamented Arnold fell from honor for paltry gold. The force of his temptation was to Hildebrand's

as a child's strength to the might of Atlas. Like Mohammed, on his right hand was the Vatican, like the Sun bidding him "Stop," on the left, the honors of a corrupted state, like the Moon commanding, "Halt." Disobedience would cost him popular esteem and perhaps, life. He saw it with the naked eye in present time, and almost lost his balance. He viewed it in the lenses of a great Beyond and cast the die. He would do his duty or perish.

In the presence of the nations he stood to hurl his anathemas at the greatest prince of Europe. In the face of an onlooking world he excommunicated Henry the Fourth. Duty was performed, but cost him a Pope's position. The aged man was driven from castle to convent and exiled from his native land. He thought his life had been wasted and his trust in God misplaced. He had been over-zealous for the restoration of a ruined church. But had he failed? No, Heldebrand! Alexander's conquest was great; only a raindrop tinged with ambition. Yours was greater; pure and ponderous glacier, glistening in eternal sunlight. Cæsar conquered the world but could not conquer self. You were without a flaw of selfishness. When the crisis came, at every cost, you raised an iron will and shattered the pomp of kings to atoms. The effect will last as long as earth.

You showed mankind that spiritual could and must master temporal power. You set an example of unselfishness. You displayed how man's will approaches the Infinite, when inspired with a conviction of duty.

Hildebrand, mind of minds, Pope of Popes, you did not fail. You fought a fight and gained the victory.

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JOHN MARSHALL; THE EXEMPLARY JUDGE.

J. MILLER SMITH.

THE recent deaths of Morrison R. Waite and Stanley M. Matthews have awakened in the American people a deep appreciation of the services and ability of our great jurists. We may well be proud of those noble characters, those men of rare endowments and great erudition who have adorned our judiciary.

In the American republic the office of Chief Justice, in honor, is inferior to none; in dignity and importance, is superior to all others. From Jay to Waite our justices have been able lawyers and farseeing statesmen. But foremost of all our jurists stands John Marshall.

Previous to his time American constitutional law was, by necessity, to lawyers trained in the common law and in the British statutes, a new science. The establishment of the United States government was a novelty. It was a splendid but a perilous experiment. Contention and litigation every-

where prevailed. In the midst of that critical period of doubt and danger, the office of Chief Justice became vacant and upon President Adams devolved the grave responsibility of appointing a man to the important position. There was little need of hesitation. Beholding the most brilliant of records, the President conferred the honor upon John Marshall.

The 31st of January, 1801, the day of this appointment marks an epoch in the political and judicial history of our country. Then began the era of American jurisprudence.

There were then no beaten paths to justice. Like the sturdy pioneer of our western wilderness Marshall had to clear his way through a pathless forest. He had no guide but his instinctive resolution, no help but the resources of his native genius and sagacity.

The American people in seeking freedom from English oppression seemed doomed to sink into a domestic bondage far more appalling. Complications not only new but complex and entangled confronted our national court. Thirteen distinct governments within a government! Claims of States not against each other only, but claims involving the central government! Implications of old English troubles! Starving soldiers clamoring for their bounty and money loaned, while accepting money of the government was, in many cases worse than accumulating debts! Perfidy and iniquity multiplying fourfold! Such was the state of affairs when Marshall first assumed the duties of Chief Justice.

His clear head and patient industry gave him peculiar qualifications for laboring in the chaos into which the jurisprudence of the States had been plunged by the Revolution and subsequent troubles. Questions of novel character were constantly arising. They had to be decided not by authority but by the light of reason and innate right. They had to be settled in accordance with the changed condition of the political and social affairs.

It seemed as though the work was beyond the apprehension of a finite mind. The intricate and ponderous duties seemed sufficient to confound and crush a senate, much more a single individual. But such were the peculiar adaptilities of Marshall that it was said, "he was born to be Chief Justice of any country in which he lived."

He had acquired habits of nice discrimination and close analysis in legal reasoning. With rare ability and skill he shaped the broad outlines of American constitutional law. His was an achievement of the highest order—a work not of revision but of creation.

As an orator Marshall was without a superior. The master strokes of his eloquence shot thrilling along the veins of his hearers, and frequently extorted from his audience an involuntary and inarticulate murmur of approval. His whole face lighted up with mingled fires of genius and passion, and he poured forth an unbroken stream of eloquence in a current deep, majestic, smooth and strong.

His conscience was the keenest of the keen. His

character was without a flaw. As a man he was without reproach. Justice—that rare virtue—permeated his very being. His judgment was never carried away by sympathy nor warped by prejudice. He knew not how to be tyrannical. Nor could he be misled by the reasoning of even a Webster. Ever was he the cool, calm and well balanced jurist. With his almost supernatural faculty he would detect at once the very point on which the controversy depended. However complicated and intricate the case might be, his analytical skill would immediately solve and arrange in logical order every thought. His opinions were clear and lucid, convincing even the most skeptical and prejudiced. He analyzed the question, weighed the evidence, and the case inevitably turned on its merits and not on the eloquence and trickery of the unscrupulous and interested lawyers. No one recognizing the authority of reason can ever question the correctness of Marshall's decisions.

Daniel Webster's argument on the constitutionality of the State insolvent laws was pronounced unanswerable. Judge Marshall, with his sharp lancet, dissected the reasoning of the great statesman and exposed the vital defects of the argument.

Marshall's legal opinions stand to his memory an eternal monument that the evils of time or tide will never wear nor corrode.

A gallant general, a noted congressman, he was preeminently a great jurist. The honor of shaping largely the development of American government

under the federal constitution, and of determining the character of our national jurisprudence, is due to that magnanimous, unassuming Chief Justice, "the Sage of America," John Marshall.

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THE FORGOTTEN HERO.

ADDIE L. TINGLEY.

FROM the most ancient times down to the present, nations have engaged in war. Those who have taken part in these great tragedies have won for themselves names which will ever live in the hearts of their people, some by daring deeds, others by victorious battles, and still others by superior generalship. Some one has truly said, "The whole earth is the sepulchre of great men, not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial to them graven not on stone but on the hearts of men."

The American people are proud of Washington, and all Europe honor the "Father of his Country." To the French nation Napoleon is a meteor of more than common brilliancy, and America does not

withhold her admiration and respect. Our hero, however, does not belong to this class. He is one who has performed feats more hazardous, gone thro danger requiring greater physical courage; he is one who has lived and died in the cause which he loved, and for which he labored, but now sleeps in an unknown and unhonored grave. Our hero is as ancient as war itself. The bards of old sang of him. The Bible portrays him in terms of approval. In the "most high and palmy state of Rome" our hero figures frequently. Cicero's eloquence paints him in glowing colors.

The danger to which he is exposed requires the utmost care and caution in the discharge of his duties. The shrewd, clear-headed, clear, quick and courageous alone are capable of occupying the position of the spy. The true bravery which leads him, in the interests of his country, to place himself in danger, and to bear the inevitable dishonor and contempt is worthy of historical record. The patriotism which leads him on to undertake such perilous work, at the risk of incurring the heaviest penalty which the stern mandate of war can inflict, characterizes one of the noblest offices in history, and one which requires infinitely more courage than to face a cannon's mouth or a line of bayonets.

In ancient times Xerxes is said to have sent the Grecian spies found in his camp safely home; and later, Hannibal, not willing to be outdone by Xerxes, dismissed unharmed the spies which he captured

But these are only exceptional cases; in all ages death has been the penalty inflicted upon the spy.

The services of the spy are necessary. One instance is sufficient to show this:

The Union army is pushing on rapidly toward Richmond when they are suddenly brought to a halt. The enemy occupy Yorktown and must be conquered. The general is uncertain which will be the better policy to storm the town at once or lay siege. He finally decides to send a spy. Emma Edmonds undertakes the task; she enters the city at night in the garb of a negro laborer; in the early morning she meets a band of negroes carrying coffee to the pickets; offering her assistance, she is soon busily engaged, all day she works on the fortifications, and at night visits all parts of the town. The following day she is water-carrier, a position which gives her an excellent opportunity to hear important matters discussed. A council of war is held, and she learns that General Lee believes it impossible to hold Yorktown after General McClellan once opens fire upon it. The town is to be evacuated. That night in the storm and rain she leaves the Confederate army, and in the early morning is greeted by her friends. General McClellan receives her reports with joy, and that day takes Yorktown.

The fate of nations often hang upon the information obtained through the services of the spy. While he remains in obscurity, the praise, which justly belong to our hero, is heaped upon the general and army;

and history which records their deeds passes silently over the labors of the one who has risked life and reputation for his country,— the obscure spy.

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SALUTATORY OF '89.

HARVEY M. SHIELDS.

THE greatest hero is the one who counts none of his past acts heroic. He is never satisfied, but feels nothing so great but that it might have been or may be, greater.

The best general never recalls past victories only to make them appear small in comparison with what the future warfare must bring forth.

The most learned man is he who has discovered that he knows very little; has caught a glimpse of Newton's great ocean of truth, laving the sands of his acquirements.

The Class of 1889 stand to-day upon the edge of their past. It has served to make us eager for a part in life's battle, to break the bonds that have kept us from breaking ourselves and do for the world some of the things which our fathers have done. It has shown us we are not heroic. It has revealed few

traits of true generalship. We see ourselves sorry students of Nature and the God who made her animate. We marvel at our own ignorance when we note infinite wisdom. No tears of success dim our eyesight as we look up into those realms of attainment to which we may reach. We have not been so heroic where true manhood was needed, so brave when we ought to have fought, so learned in learning, but that we can be more man-like, more duty-loving. We have risen just high enough to see how small we are, when there lie about us great plains, deep valleys and high mountains of undiscovered truth. And yet for us today is opening the gateway of the future, with all its possibilities. Day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, we have taken our journey and pitched our camp by the way of collegiate learning, seeking some knowledge, with loving hands to guide and help, until now we enter the turnpike of life's actual experience. Boyhood and girlhood have bloomed pleasure and pain into manhood and womanhood. We must join hands with responsibility and use every power in the service of its owner. For no man, high or low, rich or poor, bond or free, is his own. The creature is of the Creator. And having the powers, necessity gives us commission. We are called to lead the forces of church, state and society militant against infidelity, lawlessness and communism.

Our past has not been what we can and must make our future. We thought, "Success", when perhaps

it was failure. We thought, "Failure," when Another may say, "Well Done." But we would be true men, true leaders, true learners, and forget what is gone, be it good or bad, bending every energy to that which is to come, for it must be better. Failure can never be so probable but that success is possible. The smoking flax will not be quenched.

Today witnesses the dedication of our lives to the use of ourselves—great privilege, to the use of the world—greater blessing, to the use of God—greatest honor.

In behalf of the Class of 1889, to every friend present, of thought, reason and truth, who can sympathize with young men and young women of purpose, and give them a blessing, I extend a hearty "Welcome."

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VALEDICTORY OF '89.

G. K. W. MCGEE.

THE class of '89 is on the threshold of its future. Today we are soldiers ready for the battle of the world. But we have not achieved success alone and empty-handed. We have received aid from many

hands and owe many debts of gratitude. The Board of Trustees, the patriarchs of the institution, have been untiring in their efforts for our welfare. Supporters of the great cause of education, an interest above all earthly interests, your energy has been untiring. The reserve force of the College, your work, though not the most prominent, has been by no means the least important. We often lose sight of it as day by day it goes forward, but it never stops. We forget it but it still continues. And for all this care, effort, energy and goodwill we are sincerely grateful.

In leaving you, our teachers, a deep sense of gratitude demands an expression of thanks. It is all we can do to repay you. The services of the Christian teacher are beyond requital. In the future man and woman the student and teacher are indissolubly united and noble lives tell of noble training. For us you have combined forbearance and patience with instruction, have been tolerant of our faults and failures and given aid wherever aid was needed. You have the tribute of our hearts.

To you, our beloved President and to you, his noble wife, we would express our gratitude and thanks, but we cannot. Words fail us. With you, our connection has been peculiar. No other band of students has been so related and no other has reaped such rich results of its connection. It may be that the world will not prize them, knows not how to prize them, for they reveal little pomp or show. But of godly lives, they have gone to the upbuilding of our

characters, of fostering true Christian spirits, of inspiring us to live those lives of usefulness, poor indeed to some, but more precious in the sight of God than all the glitter of gold, "boast of heraldry or pomp of power," and more valuable to us because they point to a "heritance eternal in the skies." At times we have been wayward children. The blood of youth runs hot in our veins and has often prompted to unworthy action, but a loving hand has always been ready to point us to the "way everlasting." For this we give, as we could but give, our gratitude and love. We bid you farewell.

My classmates, we are together for the last time. Epochs mark the career of men as well as nations. To-day, the ending of one tide of life, the beginning of another, marks an epoch for our class. All the joy and pleasure, all the success and failures now culminate and give to each of us a heritage for the future. Its value is yet to be determined.

Besides gaining a college education, the prime object of all our labor, we have formed many friendships. Relations have sprung up and we have been connected in various ways with each other and those around us. At first we met as strangers. We were united in aim and purpose. Beyond this there was no connection. But as day by day we came together in the class-room, performed the same duties, had common trouble and pleasures, we formed the friendships that are now so precious. These are what make parting hard.

Thus far our course has been plainly marked. There has been no doubt as to duty. Our interests have been carefully guarded by those who held them a sacred trust. We could not go astray, for hands tender but firm have led our going. For the future we must rely upon ourselves. There are no other human safeguards. We carry with us the effects of our training. They are inseparable from us. Misfortune cannot wrest them away, but they are ours to use for ourselves, for man around us and for God. Wide will be our field of action, diverse will be our employments. But wherever lies our field of labor, of whatever kind that labor, however pleasant or hard, it is to be that of honest, faithful men and women, looking to the glory of Him "who", himself, "doeth all things well."

Partings must come. Farewells must be said. Never again, perhaps, will we meet in the realm of the living. But let us resolve that our walk in life shall so be, that in the great hereafter the meeting shall be joyous and happy, every one there, none missing.

"We may not reach the height we seek,
 Our untried strength may fail us.
 Or half way up the mountain peak
 Fierce tempests may assail us.
 We may not triumph in success
 Despite our earnest labor—
 But though the goal we never reach,
 There's nameless strength in this for each.
 By Heaven's help we will be worthy of it."

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

—:O:—

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

REV. W. H. PENHALLEGON, STREATOR, ILL.

“And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.”—I Kings 20:40.

Daniel Webster was once asked, “What is the most important thought you ever entertained?” The great jurist and statesman replied, “The most important thought I ever had was my individual responsibility to God.” This is a question of the greatest possible moment to us all—a question that has gained nothing, lost nothing in importance, as the years have come and gone. A question that may serve not unfitly, I hope, the occasion, which has now called us together.

At the outset I will lay down the axiom, that to be morally responsible a man must be a free, rational, moral agent. A machine is never held responsible for the nature or quality of its work. Responsibility lays with the maker or operator. It is not expected that an engine will work unless there is water in the boiler and fire in the furnace. A watch may be made of good material and put together by a skillful artisan

but to make it of value as a time-piece you must wind it and set in motion. A piano may be ingeniously constructed and tuned to harmony, but to get music from it deft fingers must come in contact with the key-board. No sane man would blame the engine or watch for not working, or the piano for giving no music, if no human agency were employed. Nor can man be held responsible for his acts unless they are self-decided—*i. e.*, determined by his own spontaneous affections and desires. And here upon the very threshold of our theme we are met with the question of the free agency of man. It is worthy of remark that the inspired writers have never presented an argument on the matter of free-agency but everywhere they assume it as an established and an accepted fact; and then assumption is so strongly put as to make a syllogism. The forceful putting of human responsibility, the unmistakable light and language in which it is set forth, is such that he who runs may read. A certain course of conduct produces given results. Do thus: and reward is certain. Do so: and punishment is inevitable. If, therefore, the Bible teaches that man is responsible to God for his actions, there can be nothing contrary set forth in the Book. Its Author never involves himself in a logical dilemma. Thus we have already advanced far enough to see that the old notion of fatalism is unscriptural and unsound. For if man is responsible for his actions, we are driven to the belief that he is free to choose—to determine his actions. Advancing a step we see that the requests

and invitations, addressed by God to man, and standing out upon the pages of the Bible cannot be interpreted upon any other hypothesis than that of the freedom of the will. These requests and invitations would be meaningless on any other supposition—indeed they would be so many instruments of tantalism. But God never tantalizes his creatures. He never tells the blind man to admire the beauties of nature or art. He never asks him to turn his eyes either upon the landscape or the painting. He never commands the deaf to listen to the music to be charmed with the melody. The hungry man is never bidden by God to rise and eat unless ample provision is first made to satisfy the inward craving. Where the command is given, there is also given the power to comply with its conditions. More than this,—there is the power of individual choice. I will not take your time in relating the incident which gave rise to our text—you can read the chapter at your leisure—but I crave your attention while I seek to illustrate and enforce the theme which it suggests.

In the interest of method, I shall present what I have to say under two general heads.

I. Take, then, in the first place, the truth that we all have a trust committed to us. And this is true whether we move in the humble walks of life, or in the higher; i.e. the narrower sphere, or in the broader.

NATURAL POWERS.

Whether it is circumstances or natural ability that

does the most for man's success in this life is a debatable question, but that for the proper use of both he will be held to strict responsibility, is an indisputable fact. And we learn from Christ's parable of the talents, that whether we possess little or much.—ten talents or one—they are committed to our care as a sacred trust and we are to use them for God's highest glory and man's greatest good by laying them out to the best advantage.

No one is excused from service on the plea of limited means, or circumscribed ability. During the erection of Solomon's temple, hewers of wood and drawers of water were needed as well as the cunning artificer.

In nature the tiny flower that rises in modesty and emits its fragrance, fills its place as well as the gigantic tree that rises in majesty and gives its rich clusters of fruit. The grass-blade, one among a million fills its place and answers its end the same as the corn-stalk bearing the ear of corn. The little spring gushing up between rocks of the desert, serves its purpose and fills its place as well as the mighty river which sweeps across the continent, bearing upon its bosom the commerce of the nations.

In apostolic days, John's love was utilized as well as Peter's pathos and zeal. The experience of Andrew as a fisherman as well as Paul's scholarly attainments acquired at the feet of Gamaliel. Matthew's peculiarities growing out of his experience as a tax gatherer and Luke's culture and refinements,

belonging to him as a physician, were all called into service and used to advantage.

INFLUENCE.

How true the words of Paul "none of us liveth to himself." To me it is a serious matter that I must either be a light to illumine or a tempest to destroy. I must, as some one has put it, either be an Able, who, by his immortal righteousness being dead yet speaketh, or an Achan, the saddest continuance of whose otherwise forgotten life is the fact that man perishes not alone in his iniquity. It is a terrible power we have—this power of influence. It clings to us. We cannot shake it off. It was born with us; it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It speakes, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every word of the lip, in every look of the eye, in every act of the life. It is a power working unseen, but producing surprising results. It was Dr. Chalmers, I believe, that prince of the Scottish pulpit, who said: "Every man is a missionary now and forever for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world, but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks. There are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive every man speaks."

The influence of men who lived away back in the early dawn of oriental civilization, is still discernable along the track of the world's history. The voice of the patriarchs comes down to our day and the lessons of their experience is still ringing in our ears. Joseph and Moses, Joshua and Samuel are holding before our eyes to-day the testimony which God called them to bear to his providence and grace. Solomon's proverbs outlive his temple and can never perish. The poor widow with her two mites has been preaching charity for eighteen centuries and is preaching yet. One does not need to be great in order to exert an influence for good. The clarion voice of the great reformer indeed rung out in "half battle" words over Europe, but it was first that of the poor miner's son singing for bread upon the streets of Northern Germany. The pen of a traveling tinker has written a book which has gone into many languages and many lands as the power of God. Wesley never dreamed of anything so great as the Methodism of to-day, when he begun his work. John Knox, with the scars of his bondage upon him, for he had been two years a galley slave in France, Scottish treachery having betrayed him to his doom, landed at Leith. Some one asked him why he had come back to his native land. "By God's help," he said, "to have Scotland for Christ." The instrument seemed weak and unpromising, the time-servers and politicians had made him old before his time, but he gave himself to the task, and succeeded by the blessings of God, in plant-

ing the truth so deeply in the hearts of his fellow men and the institutions of his country that it can never die.

These good men have, long since gone on to God. But it is no mere stroke of rhetoric to say that as potent factors in the world, they are more alive to-day than when they were at their labor. They can never die. But as it is with good men, so it is with those who are bad. The poisonous streams of their influence roll on to swell the great current of the world's thought, and mingle death with its waves. How much that was pure and holy has thus been neutralized! No one who loves his fellow-men can but shudder as he thinks of the mischief originated by those who by their example have lured others to the brink of hell, or have constituted them their successors to snatch the flag of wickedness from their dying grasp and wave it still.

No man, of manly instincts—of manly sense of honor, will be indifferent to the future. Cicero asked, "What will history say of me six hundred years hence?" "I am more afraid of that," he went on to say, "than the chatter of my contemporaries," "I have had the year two thousand and even the year three thousand, often in my mind," wrote Macaulay. Gladstone said, "The last, the severest, the surest, the most awful judgement is the compensating award of posterity." Lincoln, in his famous Gettysburg speech, speaking of the brave men living and dead, who struggled upon that bloody field, said: "The

world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here,"

"No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but leaves somewhere,
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly,
In the greater weakness or greater strength,
Of the acts which follow it."

AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

Dr. Cheever of blessed memory, one of the warmest friends of Park College in the early and dark days of her history, whose memory is fittingly perpetuated by the Literary Society bearing his name, after he had submitted to the second surgical operation for the removal of the cancer which finally ended his useful life, having had one eye, a cheek bone and part of the palate removed, said in his usual, happy vein, what a blessing that the Lord made us double, when half has been taken away, another half remain. God, however, has given us but one soul, losing it, all is lost. Flavell in his "Fountain of Life" has a parable that runs something like this, "a man having to go on a long journey called his most faithful servant, and committed to him the care of his child, saying I leave with you my most valuable treasure; spare no pains, no labor, no expense; take good care of him and when I return you shall be rewarded. Saying farewell, he passed away. After due time he returned. Having greeted his servant, he called

anxiously for the child. The servant retired and brought a bundle, saying, here is the child's clothing, neat and clean, just as good as when left in my care. Yes, said the father impatiently, but where is my boy? Bring me my child. The child, sir, was the sad response, is gone, is lost. So said Flavell in his application, will it be with many when they stand in the presence of God at the last day, They will say, "here is my body; I am very thankful for it; I did all I could for its content and welfare. I clothed it, I even decorated it. I pandered to its taste and gratified its passion, but the soul is lost."

This matter of looking after the spiritual, carried with it the idea of personal consecration to the service of God--- the idea of a christian life and I call you to this life not because it fits you for an immortality of bliss beyond the grave, but because it fits you for the present life; not merely because it is the way of duty but because it is the only way in which you can find your own self, and then though it fill up a happy and useful career. There are issues springing from the eternal government of God from the issues of the eternal world, why men should be christians, but there are other reasons springing from the nature of their own souls. I state a proposition which few will care to controvert when I say that man has a distinct need of God impressed upon him. One may have shelter, raiment and all his lower needs gratified, he may have his ambition and higher tastes pleased, but he is not at rest without God.

A little child may be amused for a time, with toys, pictures and candy, while it is away from its mother, but soon you hear its foot-steps, and its pleading voice as it cries "Mamma! Mamma!" Though enriched with wealth and surrounded with pleasure, we are indeed orphans so long as we are without God in the world. No man can be, in the highest sense, a man, who is not a christian. A character without Christ is a cathedral without a dome—an arch without a key-stone. The old German Chancellor, Bismarck, once said "If you take the average native Parisian—he being an atheist and if you take away his tailor, his baker and his cook, what is left is Red Indian." Thomas Carlyle wrote a few years ago, with reference to those who were being carried off their feet by the evolutionary doctrine of Darwin: "It is a sad and terrible thing to see men professing to be cultivated, and yet looking round in a purblind fashion and finding no God in this universe! The older I grow, and now I stand upon the brink of eternity, the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—'What is the chief end of man? Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.'

RESPONSIBLE FOR OTHERS.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" was the question asked by the unhappy Cain, while yet the race was young. The prophet Ezekiel has answered the question, and the answer comes ringing down the ages.

Listen. "When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand;" Ezek. 3:18. The religion of Jesus Christ embodies as one of its first principles, the duty of restraining men from sin and inspiring them with motives to holy and godly living. From the moment of a man's conversion, his whole being runs Christ-ward. The volume of the river may be small at first, but small as it is its direction is decided and it gathers magnitude as it flows, for it drains the valley of its life. He keeps himself for Christ, because he owes everything to Christ. Duty and delight now coalesce in his experience. Christianity is essentially missionary in its spirit. No sooner does one catch its impulse than he desires for others the same light—the same life. Thus it was that Charles Wesley sung:—

"Oh! that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace,
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace."

And the sweet-spirited Bishop Heber in the third stanza of that missionary hymn, which alone would have immortalized his name, said,

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom, from on high;
Shall we, to men united,
The lamp of life deny?"

To the young ladies and gentleman who in a few more days shall pass over the threshold of college life into the great stirring world beyond there comes the warning against going forth on a selfish errand. Selfishness is pitiful and paltry. Living merely for bread, for place, for fame, for power; for anything but the glory of God in the good of human souls, is beneath the dignity of our being, beneath the grandeur of our position. I went, a few weeks ago, by invitation of the Superintendent, to preach to the boys in the Reform School, at Pontiac, Ill. After the service the Superintendent showed me through their new chapel. Among other things of interest, he pointed out a large mosaic window in one of the gable's. It is composed of pieces of stone or glass, immeasurably small. Each particle by itself would be of no value. But they had been taken and by the skillful fingers of the artist placed in order until they stood out in beautiful shadings and grand conceptions, scarcely to be distinguished from the finest painting by pencil. We look upon men. In one sense we are insignificant. What can we do? So very feeble, inefficient, limited, what can we accomplish? And yet, when we put ourselves in the hands of the artist of the universe and are placed by Him in the mosaic which the universe shall yet gaze upon with wonder, small as we are we shall be a part of his great design. But in order thus to be used we must put ourselves in His hands, realize our responsibility, and give ourselves with earnest hearts to our work. If prayer be

what Tertullian has pictured it, the watch-ery of a soldier under arms, guarding the tent and standard of his general, then the habit of it ought to be cultivated by us more and more. The Bible, God's own word, we ought to know better. And if this human race is not a wretched foundling on the cold doorstep of a godless universe, then we ought to give ourselves to the work just where God has designed us to be. Let me go just where God wills me to be placed—on the farm or in the forest, in the shop, the mine, the store, the school or in professional life; let me do with my might what God would have me to do; then small as I am I shall fill my place in the picture God is working out. "I am not here," said Bishop Simpson "without an object; I am not here without a home; I am not here for to-day; and then to lie down and be buried beneath the clods of the earth. I am here for all eternity. I am here because God has sent me to do a work that no other being could do but myself. Had there not been room for me God had not made me. I have a place, am sent of God on a mission, and if I perform it God shall acknowledge that I have done His will, and shall some day say to one so worthless as myself: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." There is no honor so great as being a fellow-worker with God. No privilege comparable with that of being permitted to influence men for good.

II. The second general thought of my sermon is a sad one and I turn to it reluctantly. It is this: that while

God has committed to us these great trusts—placed upon us these responsibilities—called us to these privileges—there is danger that they be neglected in the mad scramble after matters of less importance. Most men are very anxious about everything that pertains to the interest of their common life. They lay plans, make investments, buy, sell and get gain, and in this they do well. The same Apostle who urged fervor of spirit, counseled diligence in business. But many make the mistake of becoming so absorbed in the latter as to forget the former. Speak to such men of Christ and his love, or the gospel and its matchless blessings, and they will sit unmoved. But speak of business, eulogize wealth, and introduce some new plan for making it, and the number is not small who will be ready to bow down at the shrine of mammon, and worship the golden calf. Speak of the future life, toward which we are all hastening, and your words are lost upon the desert air. Turn your conversation upon the present life, that is swift as the weaver's shuttle, and as uncertain as its friendship, and their interest is immediately aroused. Speak of the Bible and its message of life, and many will turn away in lofty scorn; but introduce Wilkie Collins' "Haunted House," Roe's "Barriers Burned Away," Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," or, perchance, the latest dime novel upon the market, and you will immediately discover that you have touched the keynote of their literary taste.

And this spirit is confined within no geographical

line—is peculiar to no class of society. It is found everywhere; it prevails with all; with the millionaire in his counting-house, and the tramp upon the street; the literary man in his study, and the farmer following the plow; the statesman in the legislature hall and the humblest member of his constituency. It is the besetment of the professional man in his office and the one common characteristic of Young America. On every hand we find men neglecting the valuable, the beautiful, and engaging in a wild chase after an imaginary prize. While in pursuit of those things, which, if caught at all, will seem like the baubles of a past childhood, they are neglecting those greater responsibilities. Rutherford, when asked what he regarded as the greatest sin of the age, answered with emphasis, Neglect, Neglect! And we are inclined to agree with him when we remember that it is simple neglect which causes most of the calamities of life. It is even now stated that the people of ill-fated Johnstown had been warned of the unsafe condition of the dam above their city, but neglected to make the necessary investigation and repairs, and as a result the most appalling calamity in the annals of American history. As we reflect upon these things, Paul's interrogation comes to us with all the greater force, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

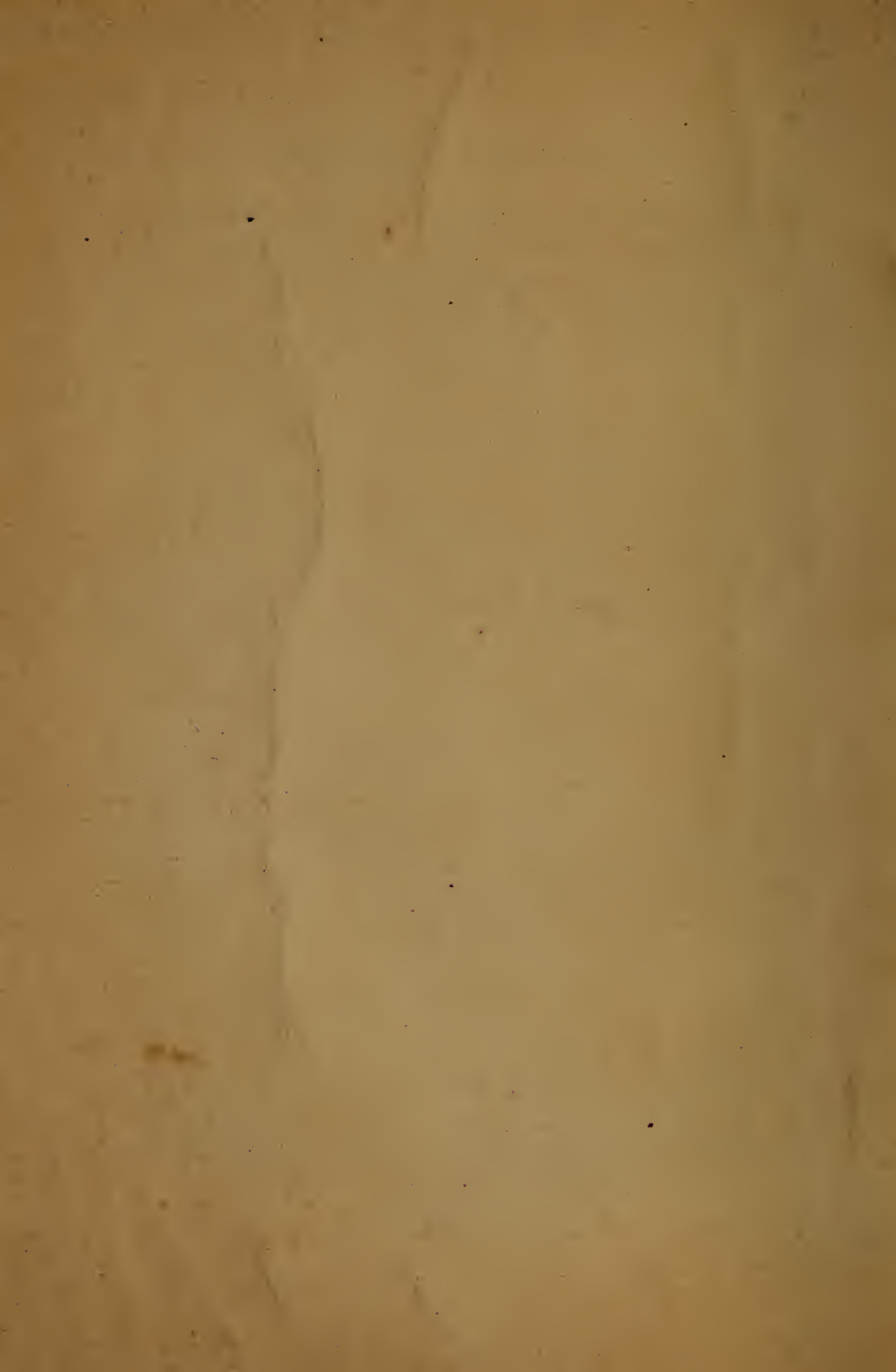
WORDS PERSONAL.

Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class, your studies and struggles here being finished, you

will soon go forth from the college walls to take your places in the great waiting world beyond. Your days and years of school life have been days and years of privilege, but through them all you have been taking upon yourselves great obligations, weighty responsibilities. I almost envy you the years you hope to live and labor. It is a grand, a blessed thing to be young. Standing up in the glory of young manhood and young womanhood, and in these last decades of the nineteenth century, with trained minds, brave hearts and consecrated purpose, your possibilities are unlimited---you may write your names upon the sky. What can I ask better for you than that your hopes may be larger, your ambition truer, your aims purer than those which in your best hours, when you stood upon the mountain top, you framed for yourselves. And may the blessing of Almighty God, who loved your father and your mother, who has guided your steps in all the days of your lives never forsake you, and may there be given you that measure of grace, that you slight no duty, or neglect no responsibility as you go out on your diverging paths. Dictate no terms to Providence, but take, at any cost, the service to which you are called. Seek not rank, nor ease, nor reputation, nor anything, but the glory of God and the good of human souls, so shall you find the happiness you crave. The great bridge at New York, connecting the first and fourth cities of the Union, besides being a triumph of engineering skill, has some touches of pathos in the history of its construc-

tion. Roebling the elder, who undertook the work, met his death in an accident in the early stages of its progress. The responsibility then devolved upon his son. Young Roebling, in giving, as was his custom, his personal attention to all matters of importance connected with it, went one day to examine some submarine work, and while below the water, and mud, and sand, and silt contracted a cold from which he also nearly lost his life, and had thenceforth to give directions from his sick-room, his wife acting as his secretary. When the bridge was finished, Roebling was taken from his home on the Hudson to a boat and brought down the river. Reaching a point from which the bridge could be seen, he gazed upon it with intense interest, and said in tones of satisfaction, to those who stood near him, "it looks just as I expected." You have here been laying foundations, and have had assistance from teachers and friends, but now the work upon the superstructure of your lives and characters must be carried on, in a sense, alone. By and bye when the work has reached completion and these same teachers and friends shall examine it, God grant they shall find it such as to enable them to say with Roebling, it looks just as we expected. And then from an earthly manhood and womanhood, growing more large and resplendant, may there be reached out to you that character in Christ Jesus which shall be perfected only in the Heavenly land.

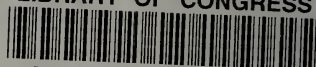




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